

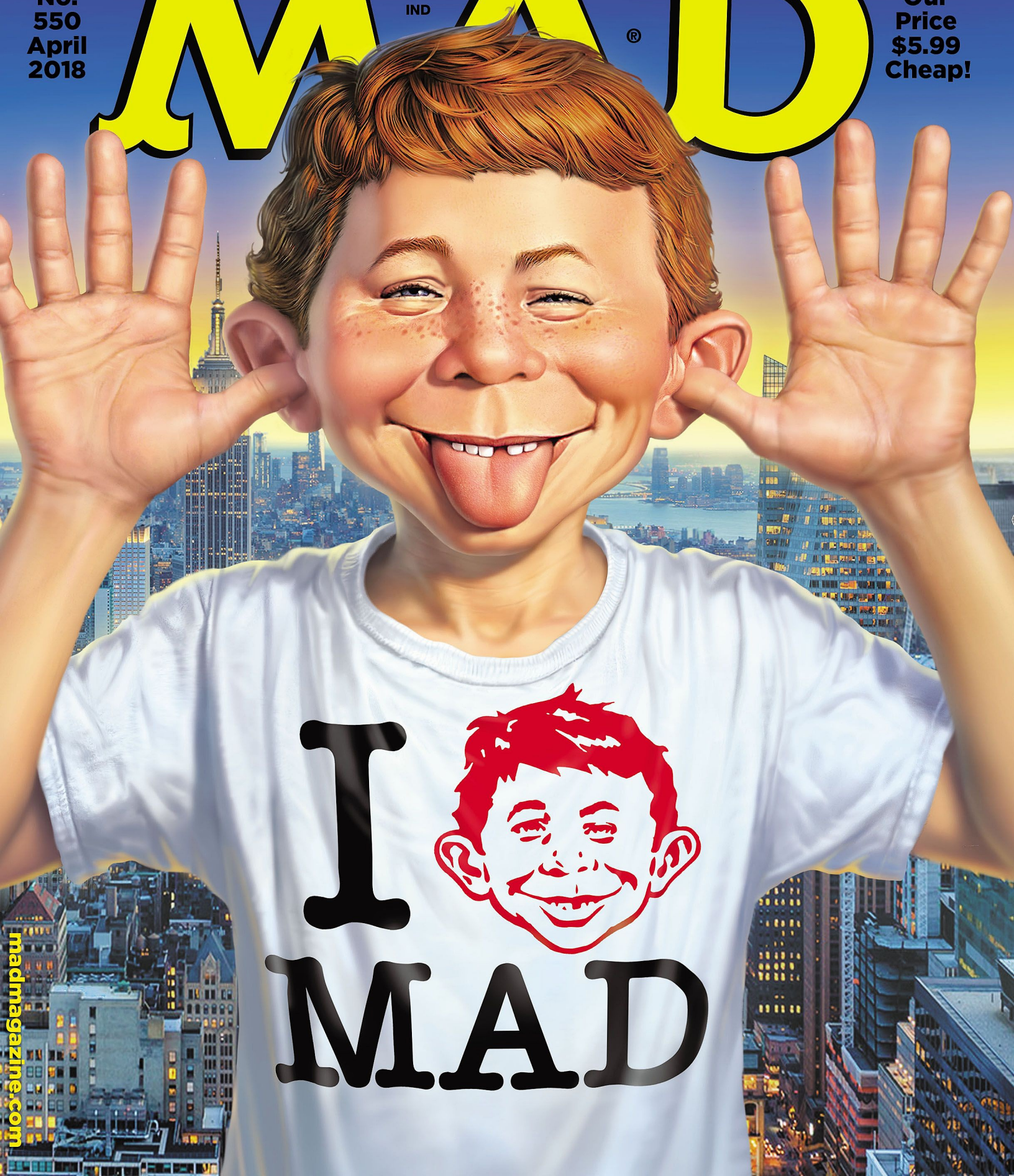
LANDMARK FINAL ISSUE!

SEE BACK COVER
FOR DETAILS

No.
550
April
2018

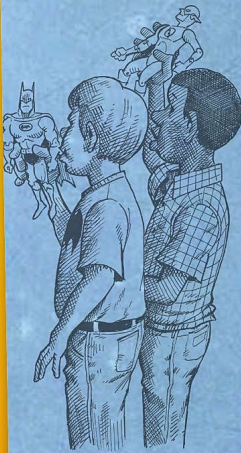
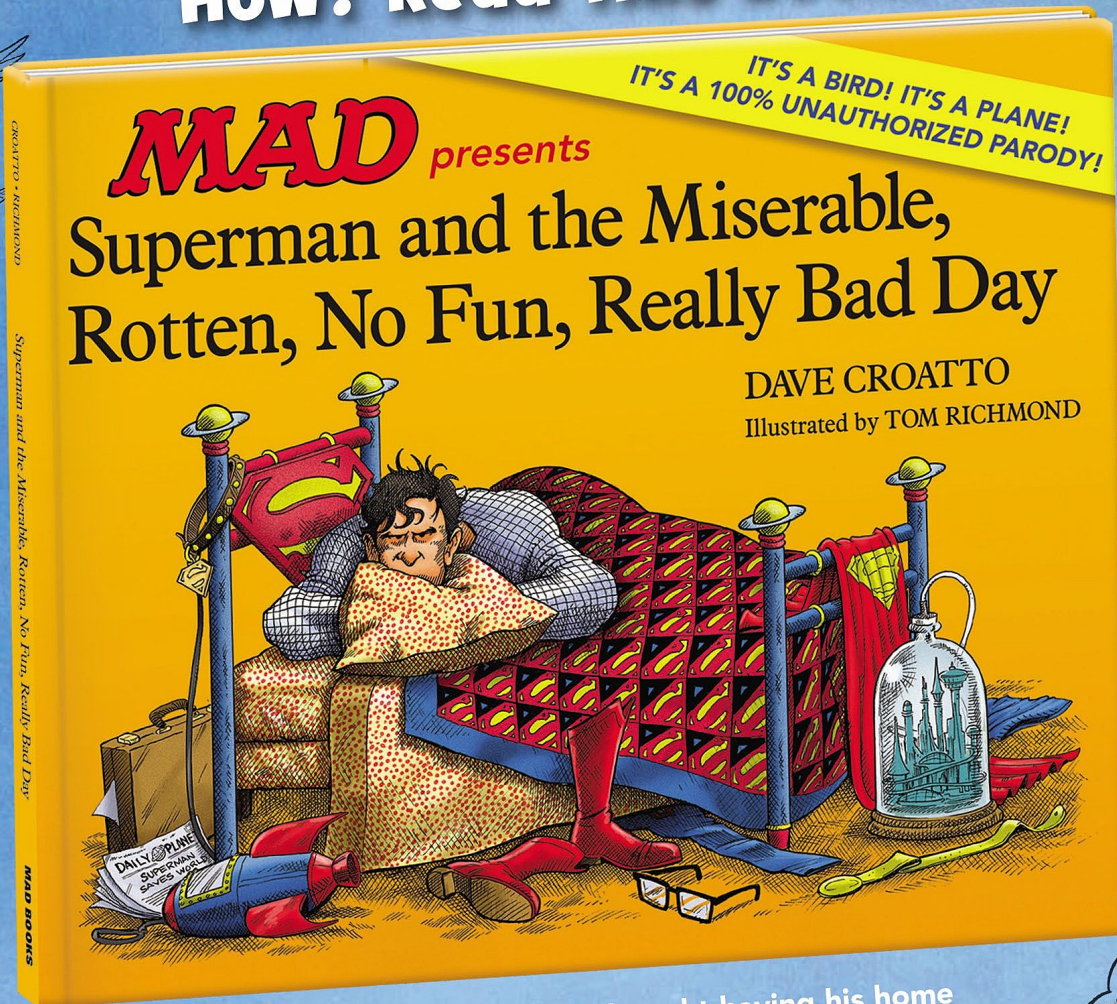
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Price
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Cheap!

MAD
IND[®]



HAVE A FABULOUS, WONDERFUL, GREAT DAY!

How? Read this book!

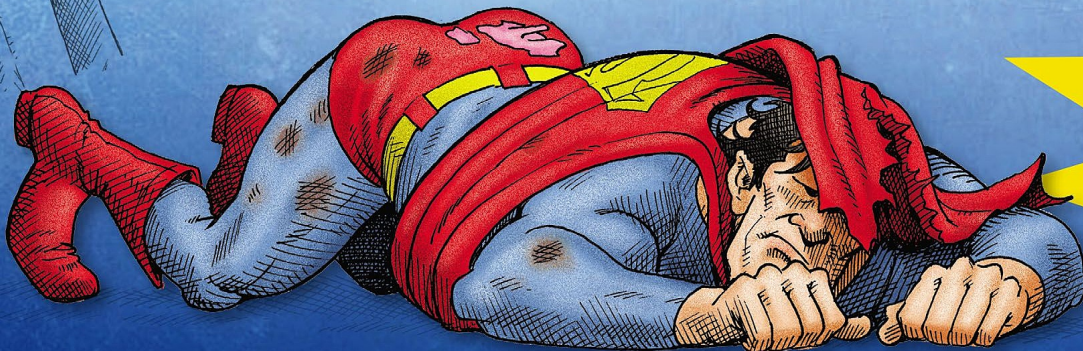


As bad days go, Superman never thought having his home planet explode into bits could be topped...until now!

Here's the story of a day so terrible, so ghastly, so just-not-good that while The Man of Steel could survive it, he's not sure he wants to! On this miserable, rotten, no fun, really bad day, Superman faces rampaging super villains, angry editors, boring chores, a cranky Justice League and, worst of all, bad pizza!

**ON SALE
NOW!**

(Make a day of it!)



MAD

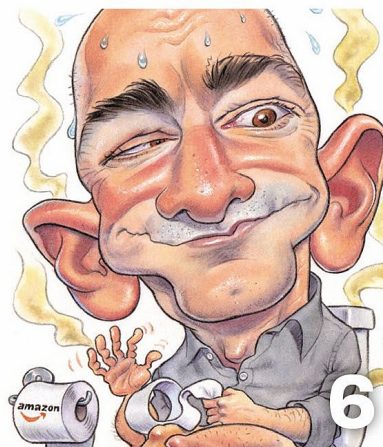
Departments

Do what
you love and
you'll never work
a day in your life...
because you'll be
unemployed!

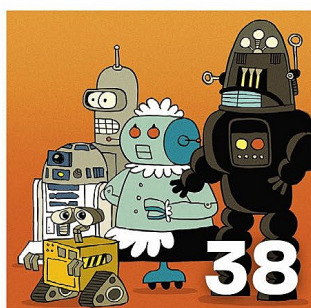


NUMBER 550
APRIL 2018

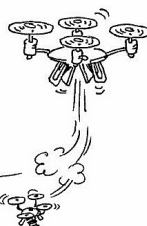
- 1 IT'S THE LIST WE CAN DO DEPARTMENT**
The MAD Table of Contents
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Random Samplings of Reader Mail
- 6 RANDOM ACTS OF MINDLESS DEPARTMENT**
The Fundalini Pages
- 11 AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHARD'S DEPARTMENT**
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- 30 HASHTAG, YOU'RE IT DEPARTMENT**
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Brutally Honest Park Bench Plaques



ALL JAFFEE DEPARTMENT
Another Ridiculous Fold-In...Inside Back Cover

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragonés
...Various Places Around the Magazine



COVER ARTIST: MARK FREDRICKSON

Letters and Tomatoes



BRAWL IN THE FAMILY

My four-year-old son, Carter, and two-year-old daughter, Evan, both love Spy vs. Spy! I also like it, but only because it makes my kids' fights seem quaint and non-violent by comparison. Keep up the good work! Maybe "good" isn't the right word...but you know what I mean!

Darcy Savit • McLean, VA

She's Gotta Savit — We're glad we could help you downplay and rationalize the constant, vicious battling among your toddlers! Just to be safe, though, you may want to keep any TNT, rocket skates or giant mousetraps out of their reach! —Ed.



Evan and Carter enjoying a momentary truce



SCOUT'S DISHONOR

I'm a fan of your magazine and here I am writing a letter to you! I know, right? Not an email! Kids do know what paper is (I'm 13). Well, I'm in the Boy Scouts and for my communications merit badge, I have to write to a magazine! So, I chose you! So, I have to tell you my opinion! Well, MAD is great and you have been around since 1952! That's crazy! I say that you should not change a thing, just be yourself and you'll do great!

Aidan Schultz, Troop 7012 • Vallejo, CA

Aiden Abet — First off, we know you could have written to any magazine, and we appreciate you choosing us! Seriously, we hear *Dirt Wheels* is positively swamped with letters from Boy Scouts! Thank you for sharing your opinions with us — we disagree that we are great, that we should not change a thing and that we should be ourselves, but we do agree with you about one thing — MAD has been around since 1952. Hey, here's something we've always wondered — if a Boy Scout hasn't earned a merit badge for sewing, but has a bunch of merit badges sewn onto his uniform, isn't he basically admitting he's a fraud? Anyhoo, be sure to practice safe sew! Always wear a thimble! —Ed.

SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREAK

I am writing to inquire: is it really true that Dick DeBartolo has written something for MAD ever since issue #69, way back in 1962? Talk about the Usual Gang of Idiots — I'm an even bigger one for reading him this long!

Thomas Bates • Orlando, FL

Master Bates — Dick first appeared in MAD #69, but his streak of being in every issue actually began with MAD #103 in 1966! And we find that infuriating! We were very clear with Dick when he made his debut back in 1962 that it was supposed to be a ONE-TIME THING! How he snuck by us nearly 450 times over the last five decades, we'll never know, but we really should have been more diligent! Fun fact: there's a streak even LONGER than Dick's! MAD has published a disappointing and inferior issue ever since MAD #1, back in 1952! That streak shows no signs of ending! —Ed.

SPIES-ING THINGS UP

We recently got a special visit from The Black Spy! Actually, it was eight-year-old Joaquin Mejia, showing off the Spy costume that his dad (MAD artist Hermann Mejia) had made for him — suffice to say, we were impressed! Impressed, and also a little concerned that a tiny person in a mask and holding a stick of dynamite could get by our building security so easily!



Joaquin, clearly up to no good

WEDDED BLITZ

I am writing to you with great hopes that you will be co-conspirators in my grand and devious scheme to trick a woman — who I clearly do not deserve — into marriage. It's abundantly clear, even to the dimmest of people (such as my fellow MAD readers), that my beautiful and intelligent girlfriend was either drunk or desperate the day she agreed to be in a relationship with someone who reads your rag on a regular basis. After many years of her tolerating my antics, cooking for me and even spending her hard-earned money to buy me a subscription to MAD, I've decided it is time to pop the big question before she realizes she can do much better. I've given it a great deal of thought, and I couldn't think of a more appropriate and disappointing way to propose to her than through MAD. Your publication is truly the perfect metaphor for the disappointing and substandard life she will be subjected to. In exchange for your help in this matter, I promise to subject her to a lifetime of loudly-read MAD articles, from the bathroom, as I sit on my throne contemplating the meaning of life, and wondering how long it will be before she leaves me.

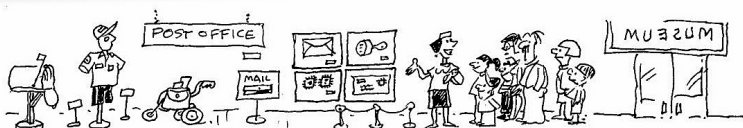
JANINE, WILL YOU MARRY ME!?!

Tony Sedhom • East Stroudsburg, PA

Sedhom Up, Joe — This is truly a momentous occasion! For years, MAD has played an indirect role in ruining countless lives — but this is the first time we've been able to play a *direct* role in ruining one! We're honored and happy to help! Promise us one thing, though? When the time comes, please have Janine reach out to us — we'd love to be the ones who publish her request for a divorce! —Ed.



Janine, with another mess of her own creation



AND A CHILD SHALL READ THEM

Lucy Hildreth has been a (forced) fan of MAD since birth. Her dad, Kyle, even designed her birth announcement to look like an issue of MAD (a transgression for which our lawyers raked him over the coals, we assure you). So, given the dark cloud of MAD hanging over her head since birth, we were pleased to find out that Lucy grew into a normal, well-adjusted young lady (at least as far as MAD readers go). Here's a photo from Lucy and Kyle's recent visit to the MAD offices, proving there are no hard feelings (unless Kyle makes another unauthorized birth announcement — in which case, we'll leave him penniless and ruined)!



Lucy showing off her birth announcement from MAD #482

THE WRITE SIDE OF THE BRAIN

Are the letters you feature published in their entirety, or are they excerpted from a larger body of writing? I'm curious as to whether so many of your readers are as asinine as portrayed on paper.

Brenna Collins • Tulsa, Oklahoma



Collins Me Maybe — Good question! The truth is, our readers are actually much, much, MUCH stupider than they appear on paper. For example, we ran your letter in its entirety, and even though you come off as a record-breaking dum-dum, we're confident that your letter doesn't even begin to do you justice! Anyway, thanks for writing (or thanks to whoever helped you)! —Ed.

Letters and Tomatoes



"GOTCHA" ARTIST CREDITS (FROM PAGE 33)

GOTCHA ¹ MIS SHOTS OF COMMON GUY DESPICABLE CRIMINALS				13	14	15	16	29	30	31	32
1	2	3	4	17	18	19	20	33	34	35	36
5	6	7	8	21	22	23	24	37	38	39	40
9	10	11	12	25	26	27	28	41	42	43	44

Self portraits unless otherwise noted:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Scott Maiko by Sam Viviano | 23. Tom Richmond |
| 2. Tom Bunk | 24. Mike Morse by Peter Kuper |
| 3. Desmond Devlin by Tom Richmond | 25. Roberto Parada |
| 4. Paul Coker | 26. Matt Lassen by Ward Sutton |
| 5. Peter Kuper | 27. Kevin Pope |
| 6. Bob Staake | 28. Scott Bricher |
| 7. Teresa Burns Parkhurst | 29. Kit Lively and Scott Nickel
by Scott Nickel |
| 8. Justin Peterson | 30. Ward Sutton |
| 9. Hermann Mejia | 31. Steven Silver |
| 10. Sergio Aragonés | 32. Rick Tulka |
| 11. Jonathan Bresman by Sam Sisco | 33. Alison Grambs by Hermann Mejia |
| 12. Richard Williams | 34. Mark Fredrickson |
| 13. Mark Stutzman | 35. Anton Edmin |
| 14. Evan Waite by Anton Emdin | 36. P.C. Vey |
| 15. John Kerschbaum | 37. Irving Schild by Sergio Aragonés |
| 16. Tim Carvell by Bob Staake | 38. Sam Sisco |
| 17. David Shayne by Steven Silver | 39. Frank Santopadre by Tom Bunk |
| 18. Arnie Kogen by Paul Coker | 40. Christopher Baldwin |
| 19. Fluffy Earl McScruggs by
James Warhola | 41. Kenny Keil by Justin Peterson |
| 20. Rich Powell | 42. John McNamee |
| 21. John Martz | 43. James Warhola |
| 22. Dick DeBartolo by Rick Tulka | 44. Al Jaffee |

YULE BE SORRY

I was given MAD's Stocking Stuffer issue as one of my... stocking stuffers. I jumped for joy and screamed, then saw I got a MAD, and stopped. On page 24 ("MAD's Do-It-Yourself Jingle Bells") the contents page said the article was published in 1984. How is this possible if the article had lines referring to eBay, Pokémon, downloading songs and J Lo? Care to explain?

Jonathan Azor • Chicago, IL

A Kick in the Azor — There's only one explanation — it's a Christmas miracle! Sure, as Christmas miracles go, it's pretty lame and unimpressive — but let's face it, a MAD Stocking Stuffer is pretty lame and unimpressive as Christmas gifts go. Oh well, you know what they say: it's the thought that counts. In this case, it was just a terrible thought. Happy holidays! —Ed.

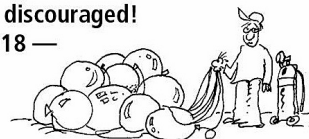
COMFORTABLY DUMB

I was appalled to receive my February 2018 issue and see that the dumbest events of 2017 did not include my decision to subscribe to MAD. Surely, this terrible choice should have ranked in the top 10!

Rod Foroozan, MD • Houston, TX

Pasta Foroozan — So many people stupidly subscribed in 2017, it was hard to single out just one dumb subscriber — although your letter makes a very strong case that you're the dumbest of the bunch. But don't be discouraged!

Be sure to check The MAD 20 for 2018 — there's a good chance our decision to print your letter will top that list! —Ed.



FOLLOW MAD ONLINE!

Looking for a way to waste time AND open yourself up to public ridicule? You can do both simply by following us on Facebook, Tumblr, Twitter and Instagram!



MAD

*To all our friends and readers — thank you.
MAD-ly, John, Sam, Charlie, Joe, Dave, Jacob, Ryan and Patty*



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Dave Croatto Senior Editors
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Contributing Artists And Writers
The Usual Gang of Idiots

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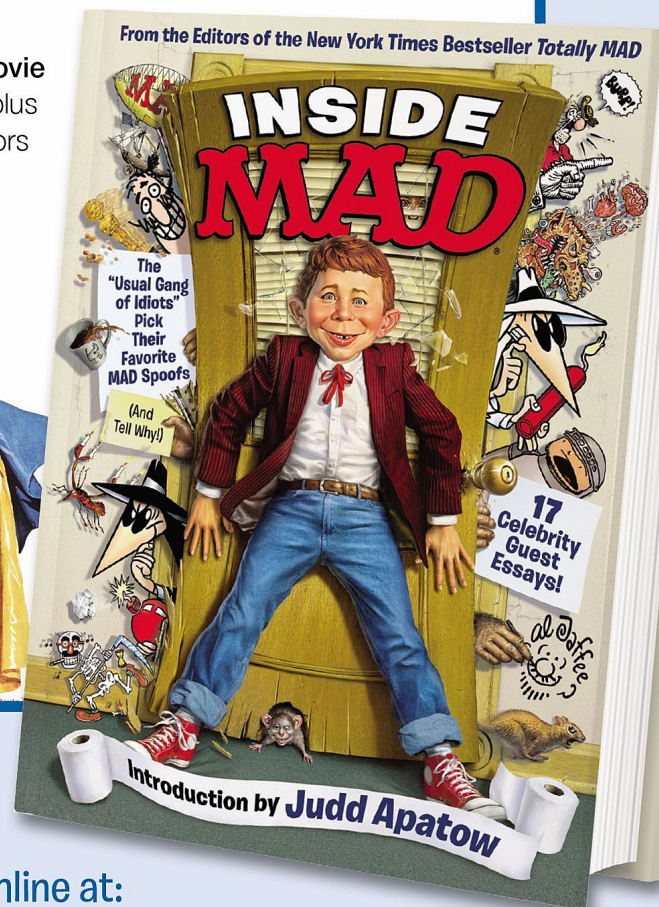
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THE FUNDALINI

The Fast Five

HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST HACKERS

- 1 Immediately change your password, Social Security number and mother's maiden name
- 2 Convert all your money into untraceable cryptocurrencies such as Bitcoin or Dave & Buster's Power Points
- 3 If canceling all your credit cards and opening a new account seems daunting, keep in mind that Wells Fargo has probably already opened a new account for you without your knowledge
- 4 Remember, hackers can't ruin your credit score if you ruin your credit score first
- 5 Stop using any electronic devices until the whole thing blows over



Writer:
Kenny Keil
Artist:
Ed Steckley

Startling Revelations in the JFK Assassination Papers

- Lee Harvey Oswald indeed acted alone, as Lyndon Johnson stupidly forgot to set his alarm clock the night before
- Ted Cruz's father has officially been cleared (though Trump now claims that he gunned down Oswald)
- The "shadowy figure on the grassy knoll" was a guy pushing a lawnmower

- John-John has been definitively ruled out as a suspect
- Afterwards, Ford recalled all Lincoln Continental limousines, on the slim chance the death resulted from a problematic timing belt
- The whole thing was cooked up by the FBI, Cuba and, of course, Barack Obama

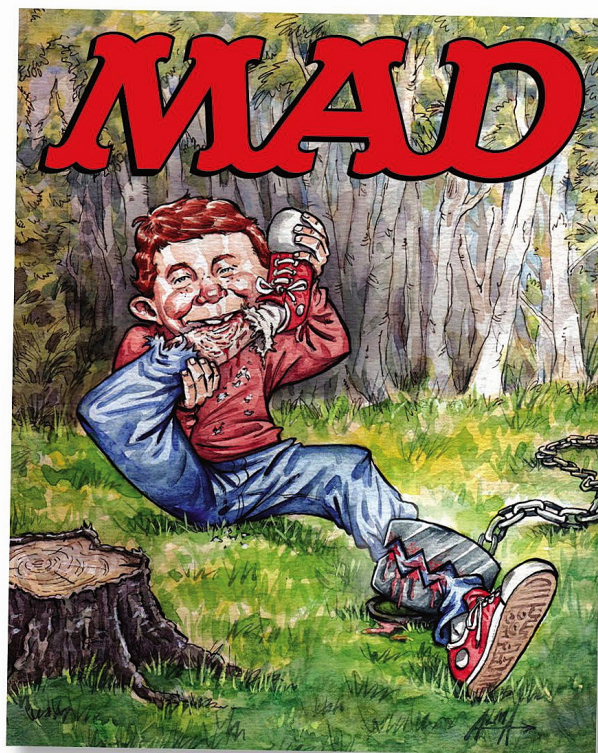
Adams' Bomb



JON ADAMS

Writer and Artist: Jon Adams

The Cover We Didn't Use



Writer: Michael Gallagher Artist: Ray Alma

ALMOST PERFECT UNIVERSE

BY DAKOTA MCFADZEAN



Writer and Artist: Dakota McFadzean

USEFUL THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR OLD FIDGET SPINNER



Build playground equipment for the roaches in your apartment

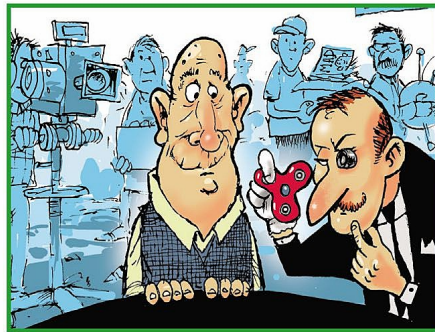


Craft a festive brooch for your grandmother



Use it as a spaceship in the extremely low-budget movie you're making

Writer: Mike Morse Artist: Rich Powell



Put it in a closet for 60 years, then go on *Antiques Roadshow* and hope to make a killing

A Walk in the Parkhurst



old timey colonoscopies

Writer and Artist:
Teresa Burns Parkhurst

The average American retirement can last 20 years. Will your current retirement plan last that long?

INTRODUCING THE JOHN SHAMCROCK RETIREMENT PLAN.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

John Shamcrock works with you to determine how many years you can comfortably live in retirement and then makes sure you don't live a day longer! Our team of trained financial planners and professional hitmen will make sure you never see it coming!

CHOOSE FROM THREE UNIQUE PACKAGES:

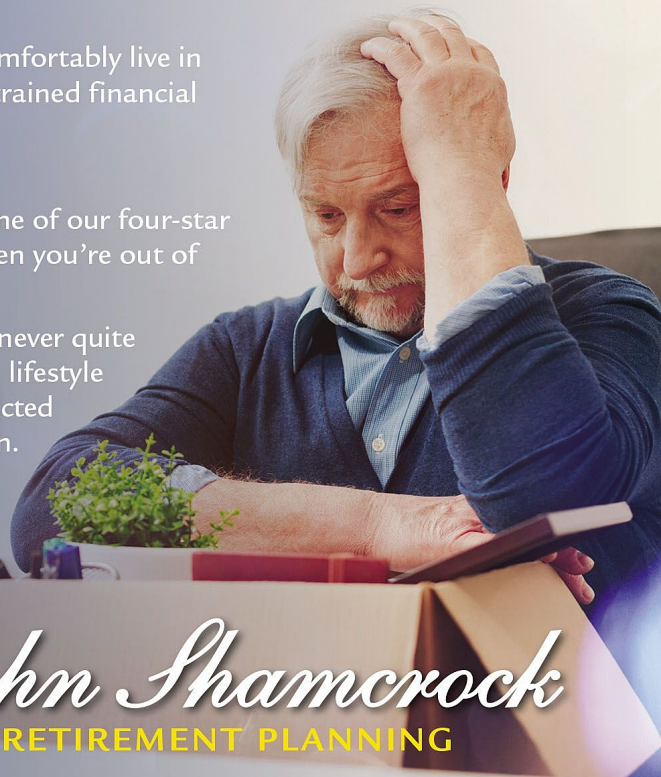
- **PREMIUM** Live life to the fullest! Spend approximately two months at one of our four-star resorts, blowing through your savings like there's no tomorrow! And when you're out of money, there won't be any tomorrow for you!
- **MODERATE** This package will guide you to a modest standard of living, never quite allowing you to get ahead of your monthly bills, and keeping your dream lifestyle just out of reach. You'll wake up every day hoping to see one of our contracted "advisors" at your doorstep! Our least popular, but oddly, most utilized plan.
- **BUDGET** We'll run you over with a Budget rental car!

Live comfortably knowing you'll never live a day past what you can afford, while giving your children the peace of mind that they won't be burdened with taking care of you after you've run out of money.

ENROLL NOW AND WE'LL TAKE OUT YOUR SPOUSE FOR NO ADDITIONAL CHARGE!

Writer: Nathan Cooper A MAD Ad Parody

John Shamcrock
RETIREMENT PLANNING



The Faster Five TIPS FOR USING SOCIAL MEDIA IN THE POST-APOCALYPSE

- 1 Nothing makes the slowly decomposing corpse of your loved one look cuter than the “baby deer” Snapchat filter
- 2 Use Throwback Thursday to show everyone how “basic” you looked before you replaced your arm with a chainsaw
- 3 Checking your wall for “Happy Birthday” postings is a good way to know which of your family members and friends are still alive — basically the same as it is now
- 4 If you’re a zombie, be sure to post a photo of your victim’s brains to Instagram before eating them
- 5 When hiding from scavengers under the floorboards of a rotting house, make sure to switch your phone to “vibrate”

Writer: Chris Carson
Artist: Jonathan Edwards



NATIONAL MONUMENTS IN YOUR HOUSE



Mount Can't-Flush-More



The Leaking Memorial



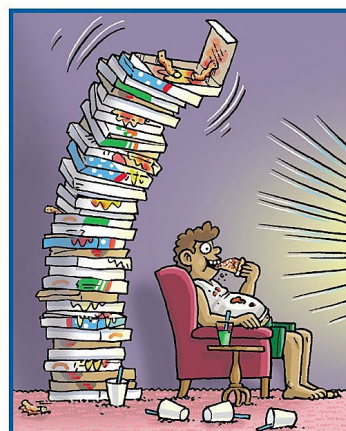
The Washing-A-Ton Monument



The Tomb of the
Unknown Leftovers



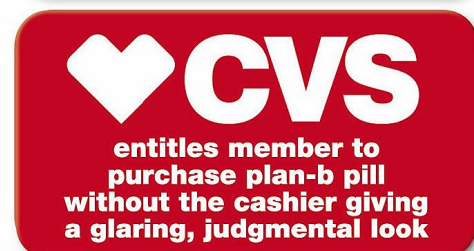
The Great Pile
of China



The Leaning Tower
of Pizza Boxes

Writer: Matt Lassen Artist: John Kerschbaum

Little-Known Benefits of Store Rewards Cards



Writer: Evan Waite

The Yungbluth and the Restless



"If you're just joining us, my guest is a man who was stranded on a desert island for over 800 cartoons."

Writer and Artist: Jason Yungbluth

Slogans for Toys You Shouldn't Buy

Blonde and blue-eyed, just like a baby should be!

Just add wood, and watch your termites grow!

Meet your toddler's new worst enemy!

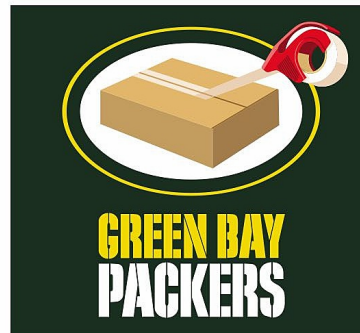
A chemistry set so fun, it should be illegal in more than just 27 states!

The foul-mouthed frog that kids f*&%ing love!

The robot that will capture your heart before enslaving you and your family!

Writer: Jeff Kruse

LITERAL LOGOS FOR PRO SPORTS TEAMS



Writer: Seppo Virtanen Artist: Timothy Shamey

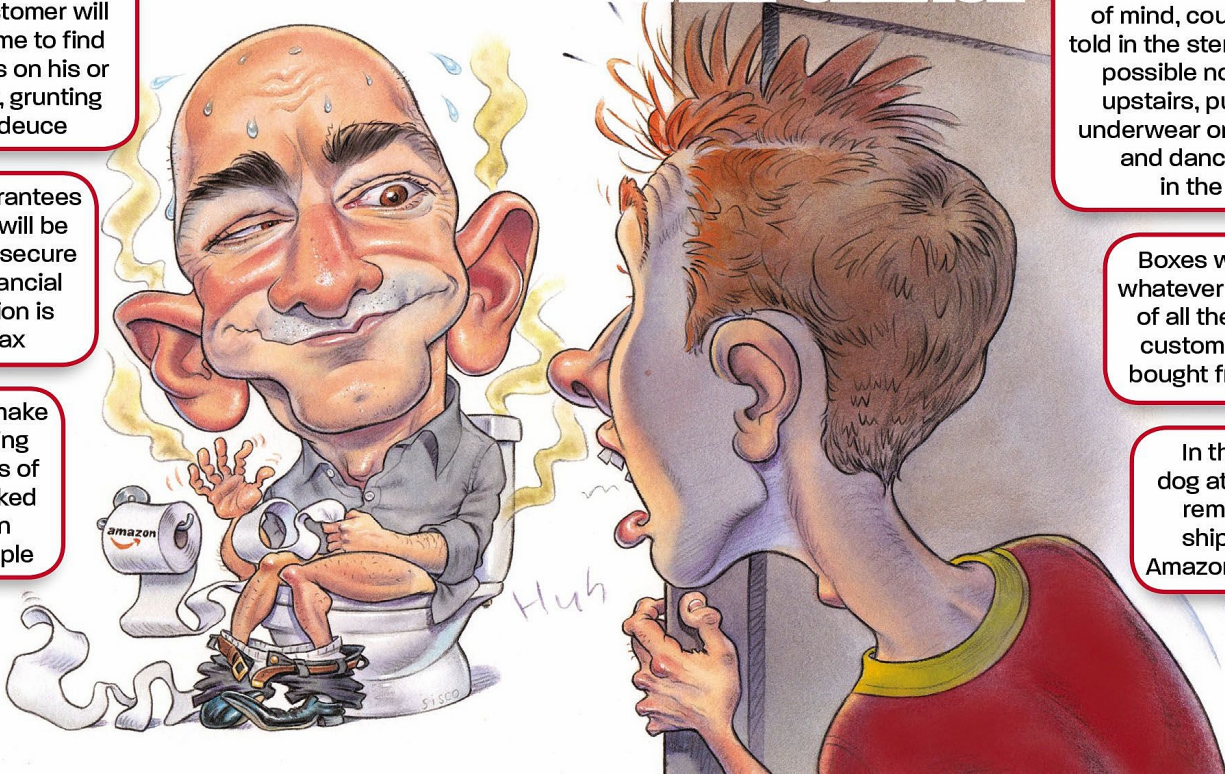
WHAT TO EXPECT FROM AMAZON'S HOME ENTRY DELIVERY SERVICE

Each month, a single lucky customer will come home to find Jeff Bezos on his or her toilet, grunting out a deuce

Amazon guarantees your home will be as safe and secure as your financial information is at Equifax

Amazon will make millions selling replacements of stuff ransacked by Amazon delivery people

Artist: Sam Sisco



For customers' peace of mind, couriers will be told in the sternest wording possible not to sneak upstairs, put people's underwear on their heads and dance around in the nude

Boxes will be left in whatever space is free of all the other crap customers already bought from Amazon

In the event of a dog attack, courier's remains may be shipped back to Amazon free of charge

MAD'S TIPS FOR "CUTTING THE CORD"



Subscribe to online services that cater to your needs. Get Hulu for TV shows, Netflix for movies, Amazon Prime for the movies not on Netflix, HBO GO for your *Game of Thrones* fix, Playstation Vue for live TV, On Demand Now for recorded TV watching and YouTube Red for *Minecraft* tutorials. Now isn't that so much simpler?

Look for low-cost alternatives to viewing cable, such as YouTube pranks, online cat GIFs or watching TV through your neighbor's window

You may still want to purchase an On Demand subscription to your favorite shows, but be warned: much of the visceral thrill of *Cupcake Wars* is lost when you're not watching it in real time

Make a little scrapbook of screen caps from your favorite shows for those long, lonely nights when you're really missing your cable box

Don't let all the money you're saving and your newfound hobbies distract you from the real benefit of cutting off your cable: being able to constantly brag about not having cable

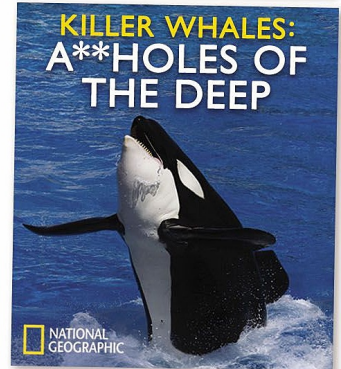
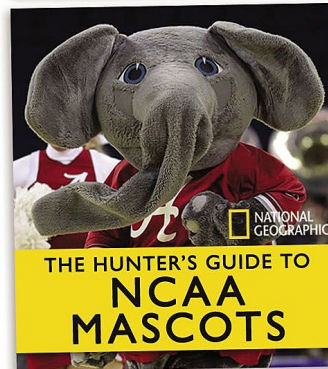
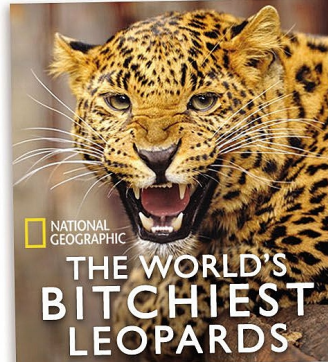
Writer: Kenny Keil Artist: Jose Garibaldi

Fundalini Correction

In MAD #438 and in numerous issues thereafter, we ran a feature called "Monkeys Are Always Funny." It has since come to our attention: they are not.



Worst-Selling National Geographic Books



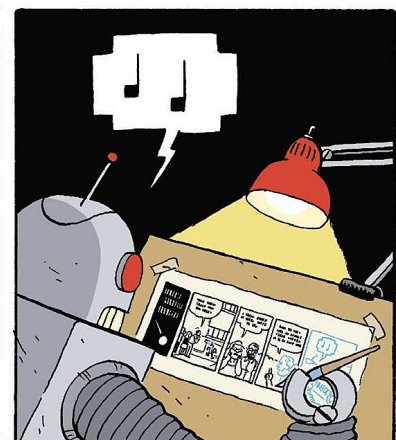
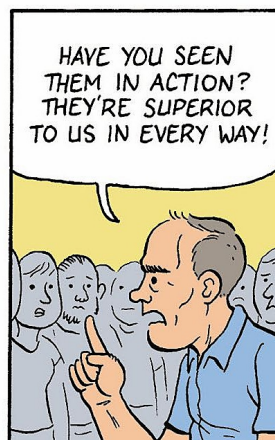
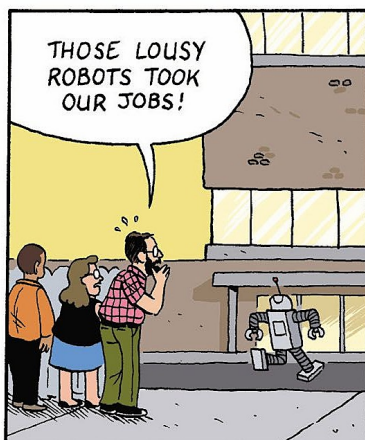
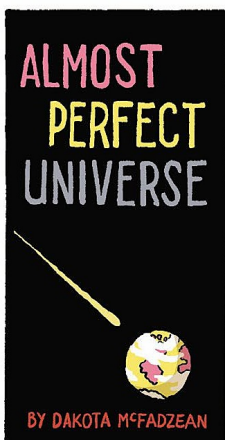
Writer: Jeff Kruse

A Bit of Hanky-Panckeri



"OMG - she just said her first acronym!"

Writer and Artist: Drew Panckeri



Writer and Artist: Dakota McFadzean

FIRST AID FOR THE CHOKING VICTIM IN THE DIGITAL AGE

IF PERSON IS AWAKE

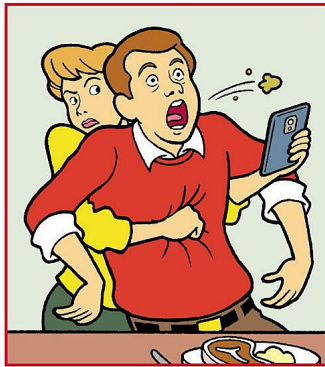
① Ask victim: “Are you choking?”

If victim can't talk, say: “Text me ‘yes’ or ‘no.’”



② From behind the choking victim, use a closed fist above the person's belly button and pull sharply inward and upward.

If a piece of food comes flying out, take a photo of the dish victim was eating. **IMMEDIATELY** post it on Yelp with a very negative review.



If a person's teeth come flying out, check to see if anyone was lucky enough to catch it on video on their cellphone. **IMMEDIATELY** post it on YouTube. #PoligripFail

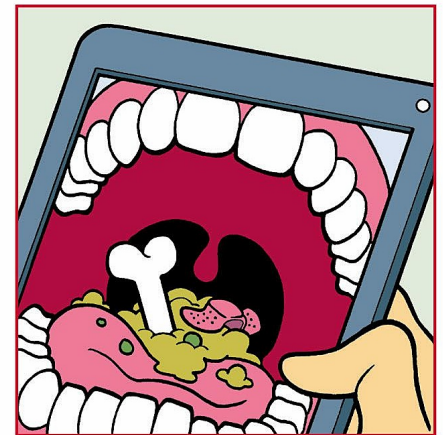


IF PERSON IS UNCONSCIOUS

① Tilt their chin back, put your arm around their neck, lean in and take a selfie. (Look concerned, no smile.) Post on Instagram with hashtag “#RIP?”



② Open their mouth to look for foreign objects. Stick camera end of your phone into their mouth and live-stream the video so people around the world can help you see if anything is in there. Turn on the flash to better see deep down!



③ If there's no blockage, use both hands to perform chest compressions. Continue until victim and/or phone battery dies.



④ If person starts breathing, immediately post a “thumbs up” selfie with a happy Snapchat filter.



⑤ If victim turns blue, use your phone's photo program to enhance the color. Post to Twitter with a thoughtful 280-character obit.





So much gooey sappiness!
So much drippy, syrupy mush!
This isn't a regular TV drama...

THIS

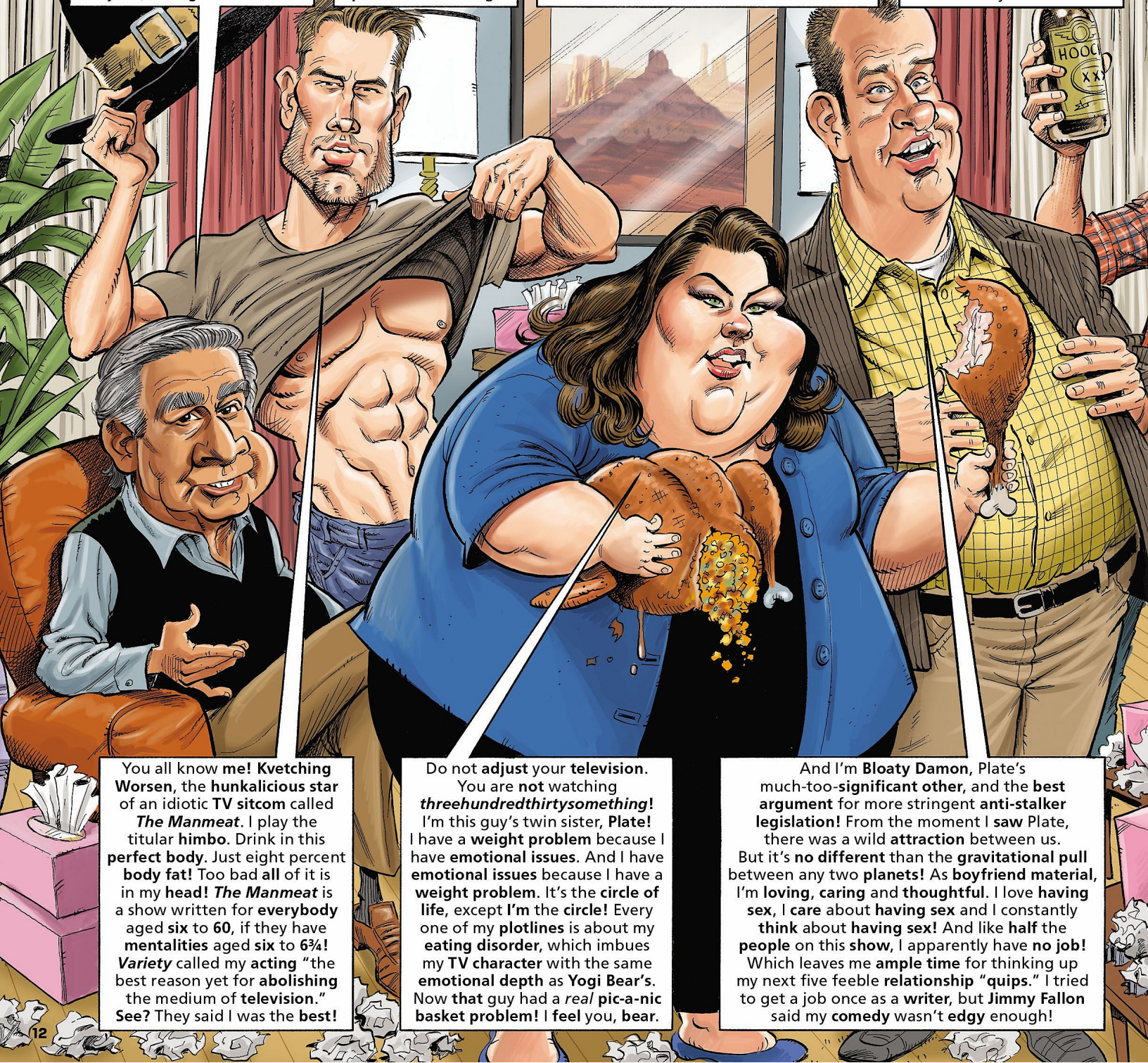
I'm Miguel, the most forgettable regular character in this schmaltzy cry-porn factory. I'm the uninteresting friend who later becomes the uninteresting second husband.

How flat and dull am I? The "wacky" MAD parody name for my character Miguel is "Miguel"! But even though I've revealed nothing about myself, enough about me!

Let's talk about this show's structure. The big gimmick is that it tells a story of one biracial, bipolar family by jump-cutting around in time. Our show's fanatic fans are spellbound, seeing this astonishing concept of past and present co-existing.

Dramatically, it's like flipping through a cherished family photo album. A photo album filled with abandonment, alcoholism, adultery and addiction — and those are just the A's! Then we've got the snapshots of divorce, racism, stillborn birth, terminal disease, emotional betrayal, mental illness...well, anyway, the kids are cute! You know what? Just turn off your brain. And enjoy the simpering, bland Starbucks acoustic music we use in scene...after scene...after scene...

Family patriarch Jerk Worsen here! I'm alive, for now. But soon I'll be dead. Then alive...then dead... then alive again! Just like the Obamacare repeal! I'm also sober, then drunk, then sober, then drunk, then sober. Bewilderingly, I'm portrayed as the perfect, stable backbone my family can always count on!



You all know me! Kvetching Worsen, the hunkalicious star of an idiotic TV sitcom called *The Manmeat*. I play the titular himbo. Drink in this perfect body. Just eight percent body fat! Too bad all of it is in my head! *The Manmeat* is a show written for everybody aged six to 60, if they have mentalities aged six to 6¾! *Variety* called my acting "the best reason yet for abolishing the medium of television." See? They said I was the best!

Do not adjust your television. You are not watching *threehundredthirtysomething*! I'm this guy's twin sister, Plate! I have a weight problem because I have emotional issues. And I have emotional issues because I have a weight problem. It's the circle of life, except I'm the circle! Every one of my plotlines is about my eating disorder, which imbues my TV character with the same emotional depth as Yogi Bear's. Now that guy had a real pic-a-nic basket problem! I feel you, bear.

And I'm Bloato Damon, Plate's much-too-significant other, and the best argument for more stringent anti-stalker legislation! From the moment I saw Plate, there was a wild attraction between us. But it's no different than the gravitational pull between any two planets! As boyfriend material, I'm loving, caring and thoughtful. I love having sex, I care about having sex and I constantly think about having sex! And like half the people on this show, I apparently have no job! Which leaves me ample time for thinking up my next five feeble relationship "quips." I tried to get a job once as a writer, but Jimmy Fallon said my comedy wasn't edgy enough!

IS PUS

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

I'm excited to be starring in my first hit TV series since I played Peter in *Heroes*.

Unfortunately, that show was a gimmicky melodrama crammed with talky family angst, multiple versions of the same characters, flashback events and future shock reveals.

That's why the series went stale after just one season...er, I'd prefer if you didn't just hear me say that! Instead, just focus on the scraggle quotient of my changeable time-traveling beards!

I'm Jerk's wife, Rubella! But if you watched MTV for precisely the right five weeks in 1999, you might kinda sorta remember me as pop princess Mandy Moore. My character used to have ambitions of a singing career, but it never quite clicked for her. To prepare for the role, I studied myself!

The way this show is structured, it sometimes cuts fifteen years off of my age, as an episode ricochets from one scene to the next. Usually, actresses shave off 15 years themselves, by editing their Wikipedia bio pages!

It wasn't easy raising triplets, but I came up with a system that kept me sane. I took care of the first one from January through April, the next one from May through August, and the last one from September to December! But I'm pretty sure my husband Jack secretly nursed them behind my back. The babies kept coughing up greasy black chest hairs!



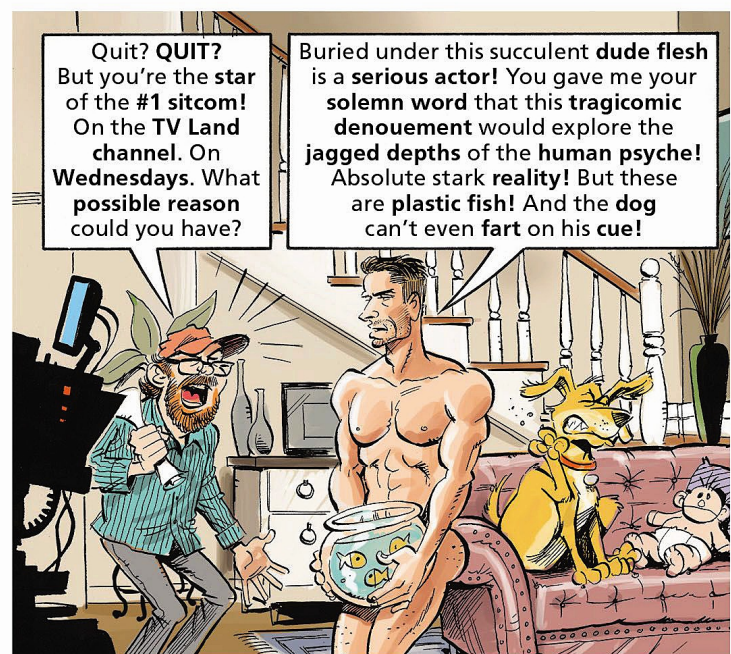
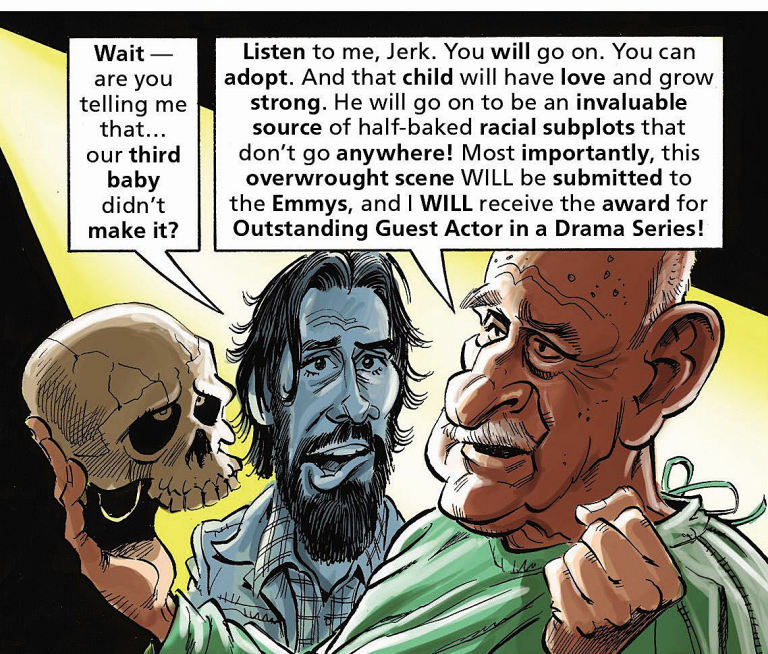
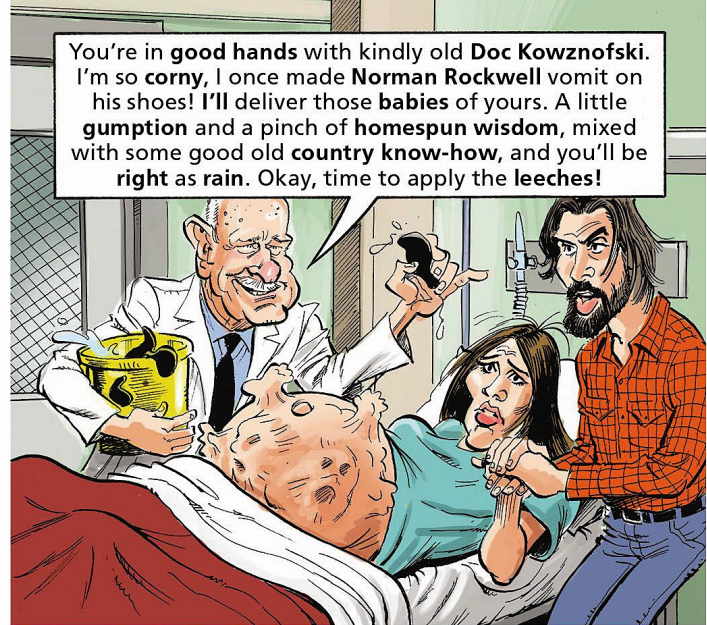
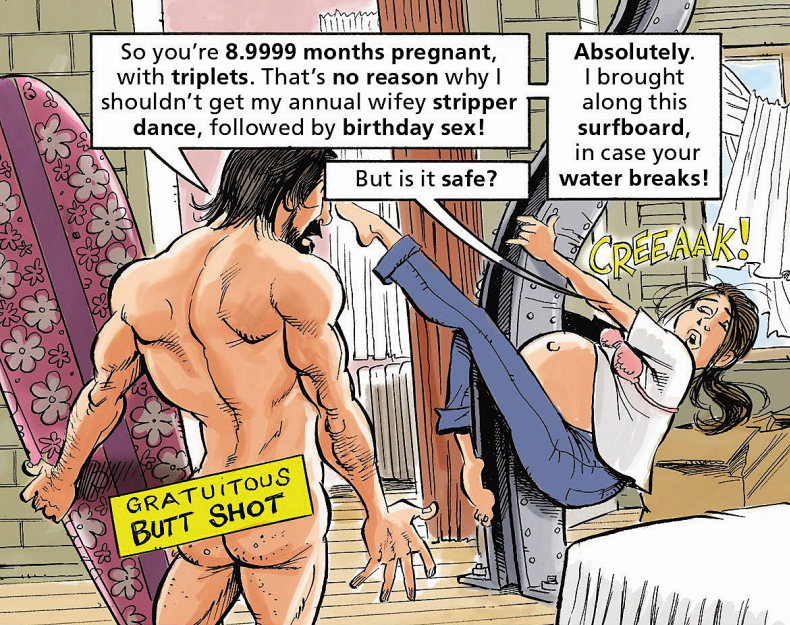
Greetings, viewers! Do you ever dream about a sexy, middle-aged Urkel, with killer abs and a crippling anxiety disorder? Well, your TV dream has finally come true! I'm Rancid Worsen, the adopted black son who is, weirdly enough, the white sheep of the family! I grapple with feelings of racial jitters in my own neurotic, upper-class way. I earn millions and millions of dollars as a commodities trader, while eating myself up with the debilitating panic attacks that'll cause me to pop an aneurysm and drop dead at 40. And then my sizzling wife Blechh will inherit every dollar. Hmmm... exactly which one of us has the genius business plan?

I'm Rancid's supportive wife, Blechh. To the outside world, my husband Rancid may seem tightly wound, but he's a maladjusted, stressed zoo tiger in the sack. And to keep our sex life hot, he has me fill out a short questionnaire afterwards! Every three months, he compiles a spreadsheet of my physical needs, then uses a simple prioritization matrix to meet his quota! Mmmm... Crunch those numbers, baby!!

I'm just here to look cute and comically understand adult references.

I'm just here to look cute and to comically NOT understand adult references!

Withered Hill's my name. When I was reunited with my birth son, Rancid, after 36 years apart, I felt a tremendous lump in the pit of my stomach. I thought it was emotion, but the doctors told me it's cancer. Maybe the drug abuse did it. I'm so wasted that, to me, this show seems in chronological order! It broke my heart to abandon my baby Rancid on the front steps of the hospital. But you must understand, the world was different then. Today, I could go on Craigslist and trade him for a jet ski!





At last, we meet! You are my **biological father**. I've brought 10 or 12 handy charts to explain the **deoxyribonucleic acid's** role in this process.

Your mother and I were both **drug addicts**, and had to give away our **newborn baby**. Then your mother died. I **spiraled out of control** and ended up on the **streets**. So I went into **rehab**, where I began a **gay relationship** before being **diagnosed with inoperable cancer**. **Phew!** That was one rough Tuesday!



At first, I didn't think it was a **smart idea** to let a **total stranger** come live with us and be with our **girls**. Especially a **heroin addict!** But they really seem to be **bonding!**

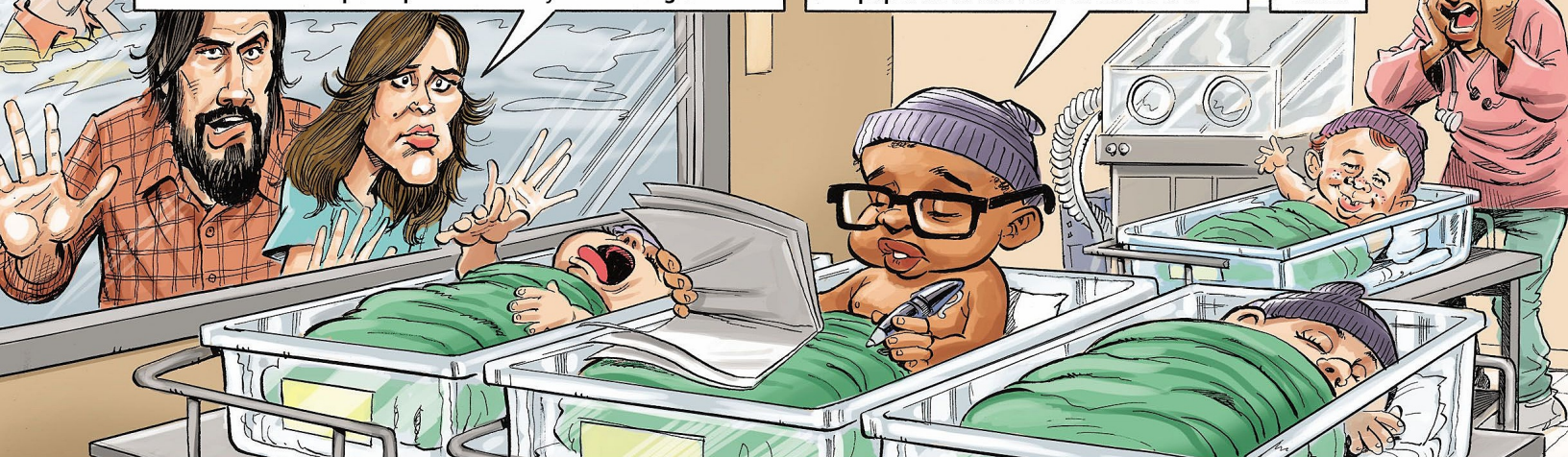
Goldilocks was **jonesing** real bad for her daily **porridge fix**. So she **broke into** somebody's house to get a taste of the stuff! And after **heating up the spoon** and doing her **third bowl**, she felt **juuusst** right. And she **nodded off** into **unconsciousness**, just as if she was **floating down a slow river**. *Mmmm*, yeah, I wish I was **mainlinin'** some of that pure **Bolivian porridge** riiight about now!



They're just going to let us **take him**? It's only been **one day**! How were we able to **adopt** an **unknown child**, without any **attempt** to locate the **parents**? Who would award **custody** to a **poverty-stricken** family with **two newborns**? Doesn't the **adoption process** usually take a long time?

I handled it. While you were in **labor** with the **other two**, I studied law, passed the **bar exam** and filed the necessary **paperwork** with the **circuit court**.

Now **THAT'S** a **gifted child!**



You've got to leave, **Bloaty!** My dad and I always watched **Steelers** games **together**. It was our special **personal thing**. And ever since he died, I watch the **Steelers** with his **cremated ashes** sitting beside me!

But this urn is filled with **trail mix!**

Gah!! Then **WHAT** have I been eating?

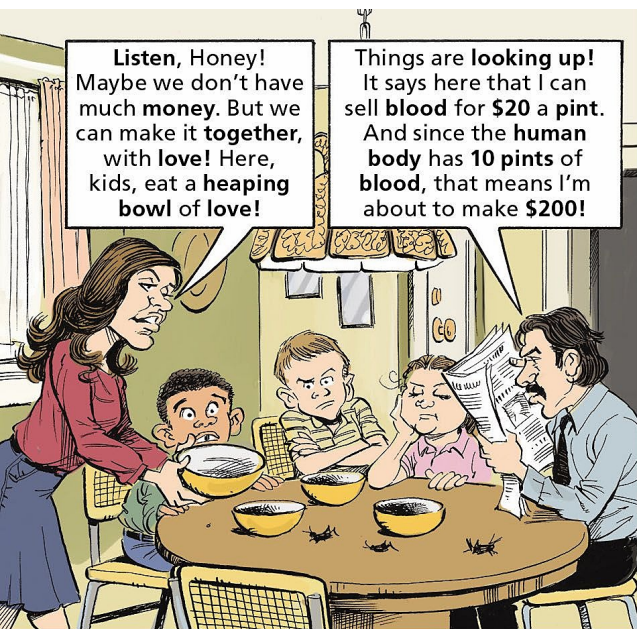


Ooh! Mmm, baby! There's nothing more **arousing** than tasting the remnants of **bar peanuts** and **Budweiser burps**, mixed into a **shipwreck beard!** But promise me we **won't** have kids!

Mmmfff! Pant! There's no bigger decision in a **marriage** than whether to have **children**. So let's make that decision, by default, **3/4ths blotto**, in the **bathroom** of a **bar!** What a night! First we win the **Super Bowl**, and then you get your own private **orgasmic touchdown!**

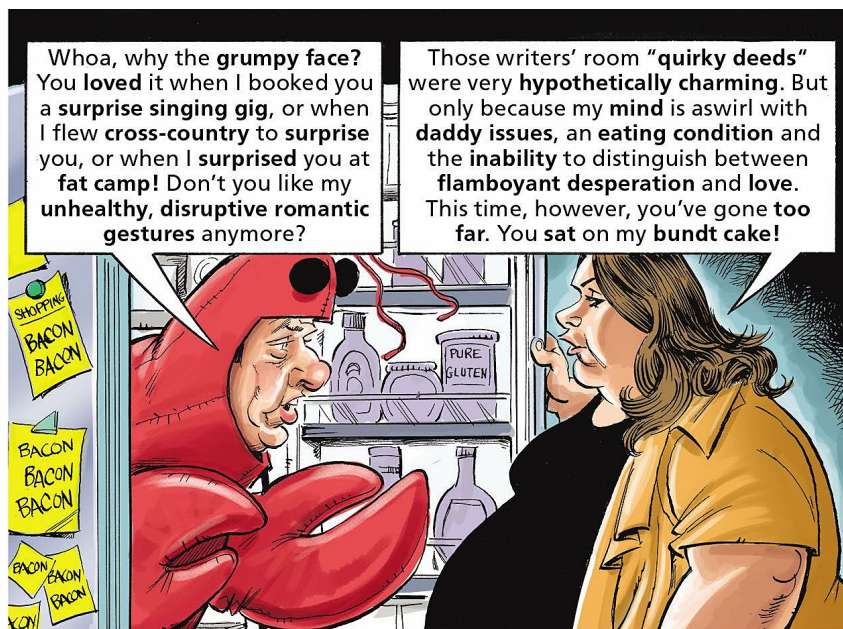
More like a "**two minute warning**"!





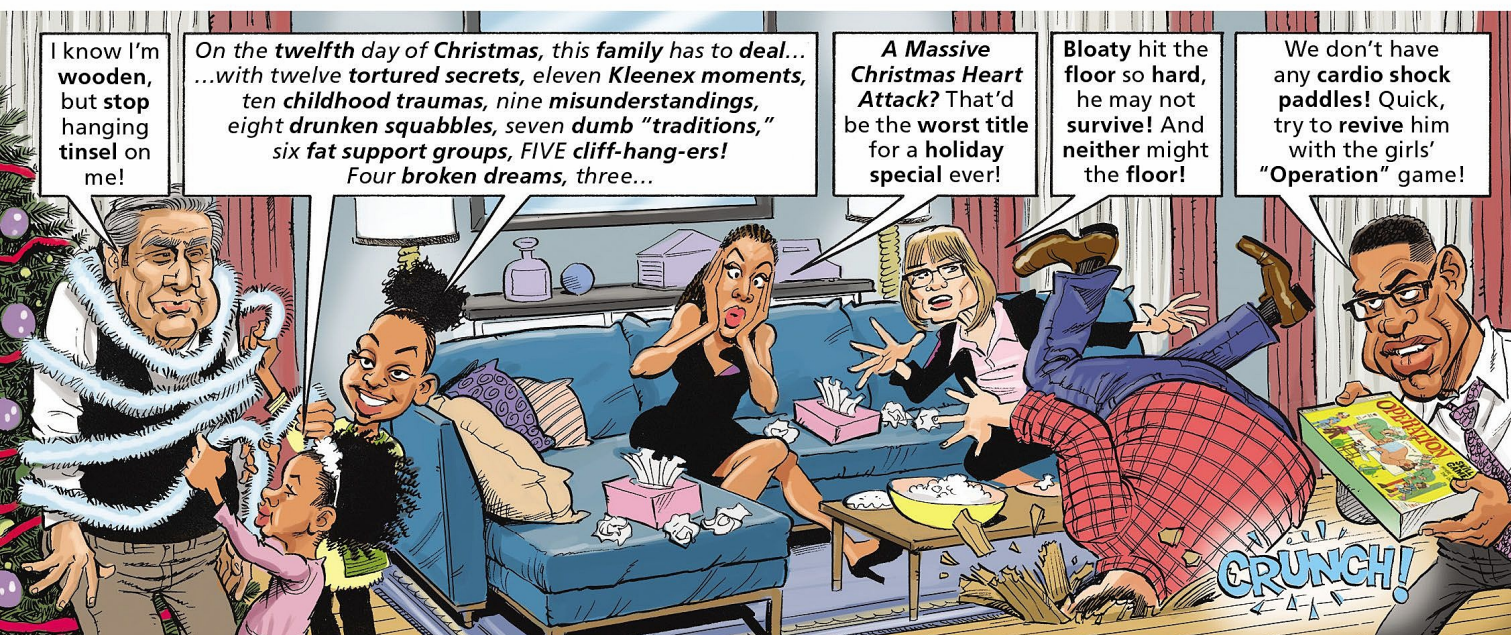
Listen, Honey! Maybe we don't have much **money**. But we can make it **together**, with **love**! Here, kids, eat a **heaping bowl of love**!

Things are **looking up**! It says here that I can sell **blood** for **\$20** a pint. And since the **human body** has **10 pints of blood**, that means I'm about to make **\$200**!



Whoa, why the **grumpy face**? You **loved** it when I booked you a **surprise singing gig**, or when I flew **cross-country** to **surprise** you, or when I **surprised** you at **fat camp**! Don't you like my **unhealthy, disruptive romantic gestures** anymore?

Those writers' room "**quirky deeds**" were very **hypothetically charming**. But only because my mind is aswirl with **daddy issues**, an **eating condition** and the **inability** to distinguish between **flamboyant desperation** and **love**. This time, however, you've gone too far. You sat on my **bundt cake**!



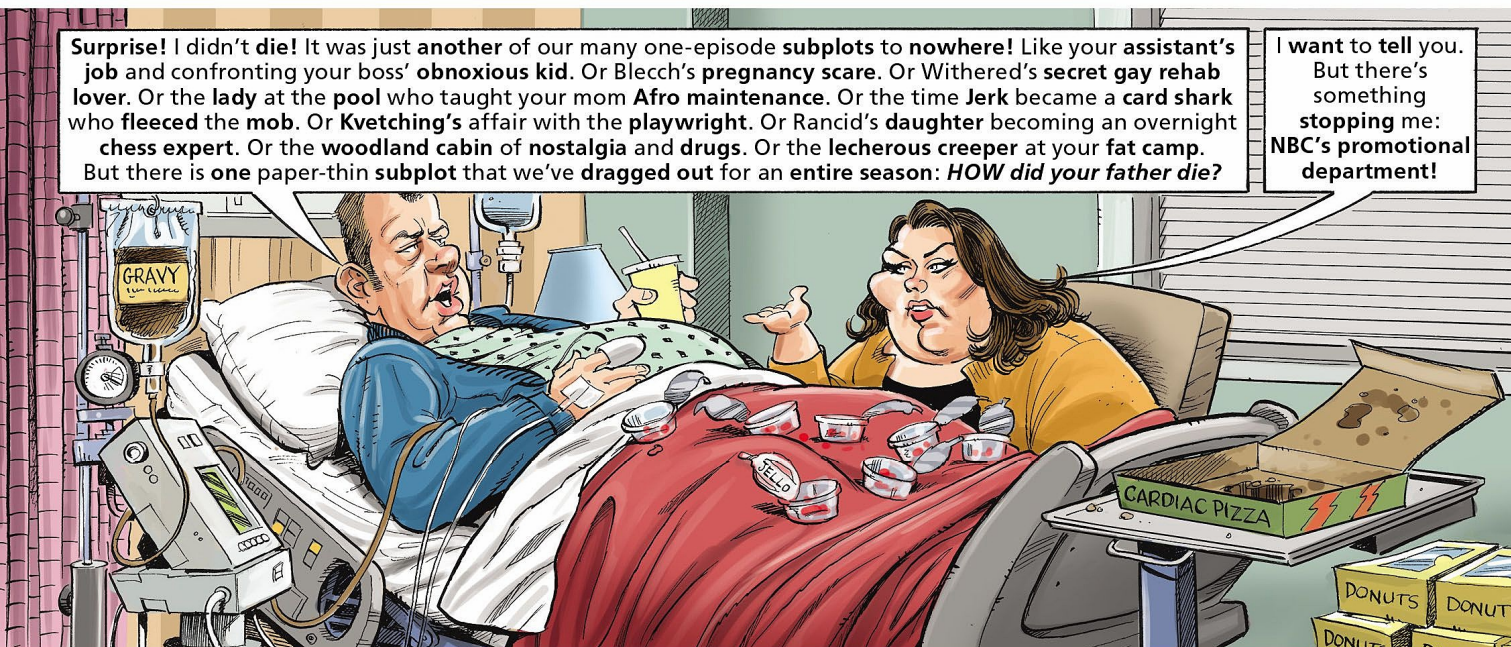
I know I'm **wooden**, but stop hanging **tinsel** on me!

On the **twelfth day of Christmas**, this family has to deal...
...with **twelve tortured secrets**, **eleven Kleenex moments**, **ten childhood traumas**, **nine misunderstandings**, **eight drunken squabbles**, **seven dumb "traditions"**, **six fat support groups**, **FIVE cliff-hangers**! **Four broken dreams**, **three...**

A **Massive Christmas Heart Attack**? That'd be the **worst title** for a **holiday special** ever!

Bloaty hit the floor so hard, he may not **survive**! And **neither** might the floor!

We don't have any **cardio shock paddles**! Quick, try to **revive** him with the girls' "**Operation**" game!



Surprise! I didn't die! It was just **another** of our many **one-episode subplots** to **nowhere**! Like your assistant's **job** and confronting your boss' **obnoxious kid**. Or **Blech's pregnancy scare**. Or **Withered's secret gay rehab lover**. Or the **lady at the pool** who taught your mom **Afro maintenance**. Or the time **Jerk** became a **card shark** who **fleeced the mob**. Or **Kvetching's** affair with the **playwright**. Or **Rancid's daughter** becoming an **overnight chess expert**. Or the **woodland cabin of nostalgia and drugs**. Or the **lecherous creeper** at your **fat camp**. But there is **one paper-thin subplot** that we've **dragged out** for an **entire season**: **HOW did your father die?**

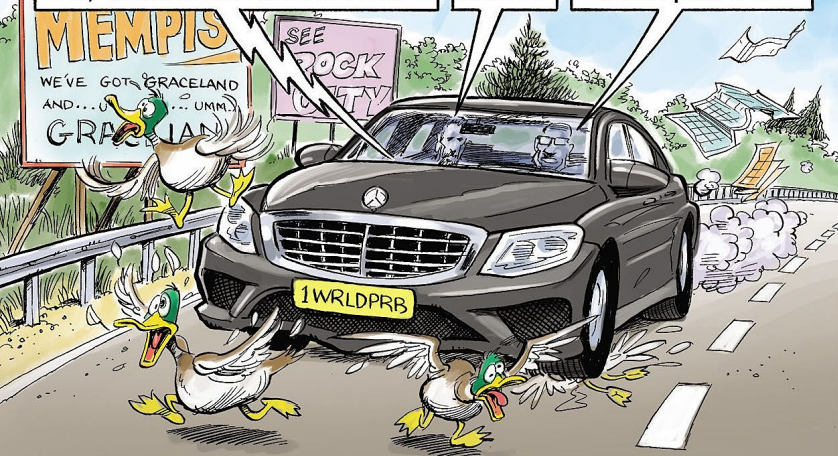
I want to tell you. But there's something **stopping** me: **NBC's promotional department**!



That wraps up a commercial-free block with "No Time," and before that, "I Just Died in Your Arms," "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," "Down in a Hole" and "Don't Fear the Reaper." Stay tuned, we'll be back with the Grateful Dead, but first, "Another One Bites the Dust"!

Uh, is it alright if I change the station?

This farewell father-son road trip is an emotionally healing journey. And if you die right there in the shotgun seat, I can still use the carpool lane!



The first time you left me behind, it didn't cost me \$34,000!

Gurgle gakk glick!
It's...so hard... to say goodbye. Primarily because of... **urk!**...these tubes... down my throat!

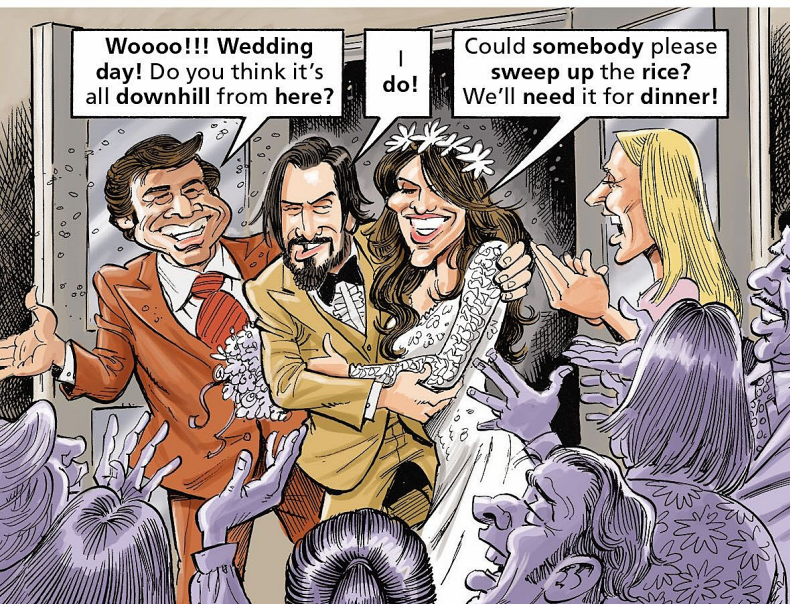
Sob! MY DAD'S GONE! And now I'll never see him again. Except for the 35 flashbacks in seasons two and three!



Woooo!!! Wedding day! Do you think it's all downhill from here?

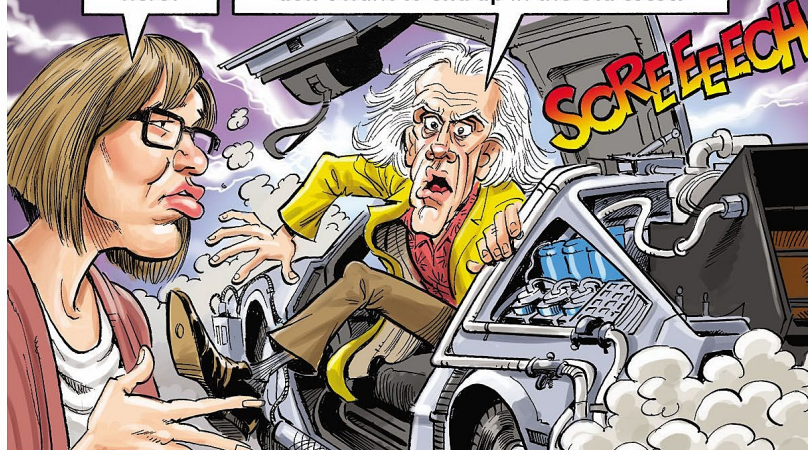
I do!

Could somebody please sweep up the rice? We'll need it for dinner!



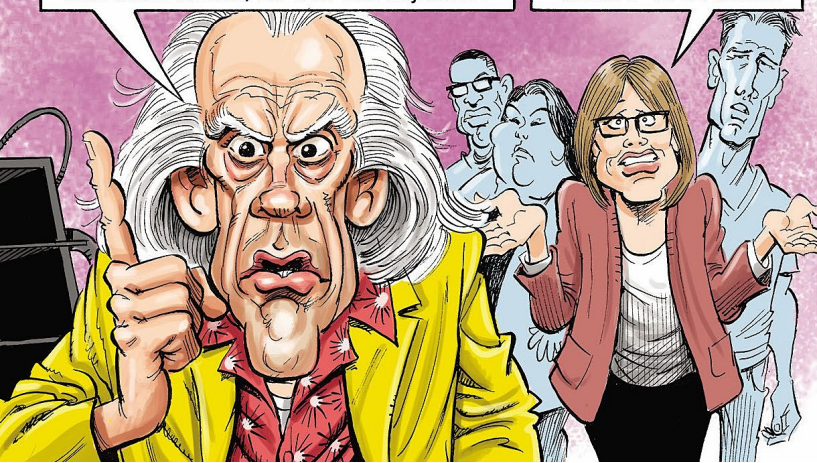
Doc Clown! What are YOU doing here?

I came to warn you all! You can't keep repeating this back-and-forth time jump gimmick forever, or you'll run a cute premise into the ground! And take it from me, you don't want to end up in the Old West!



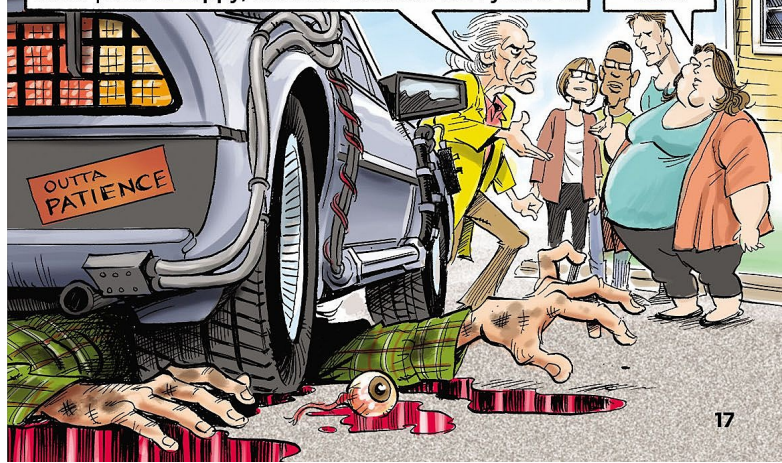
At least when I travel through time, it happens at 88 miles per hour. Your family just wallows in the stagnant soupiness of every moment that ever happened. You act like every little incident or meeting or remark was an emotional explosion that utterly transformed the pathways of your lives. No heartstring left untugged, no gut left unwrenched, no tear left unjerked!

I'd say each of my children was having a midlife crisis. But when they bounce from age 36 to age 0 to age 16 to age 36 to age 10 to age 0 to age nine to age 36, what the hell does "midlife" even mean?



And where have your transformed pathways gotten you? Straight to nowhere! The mom got remarried...to the only other male character around! The one son quit his job. The other son just quit his job. And the daughter doesn't have a job to quit! I could drive this time machine 75 years into the future, and with your maladjusted DNA, I know your great-great-grandkids would be the same pack of sappy, maudlin whiners that you are!

That's harsh! But at least we finally found out how Dad dies!





Beatles vs. Stones. Coke vs. Pepsi. Kardashians vs. Vanderpumps. The world is full of bitter rivalries, each of them leading to disagreements, arguments and disputes (a warning to you Kardashian lovers out there: we're staunchly pro-Vanderpump). But things get especially testy when it comes to rivalries between generations — which is why we're helpfully pouring fuel on the fire with...

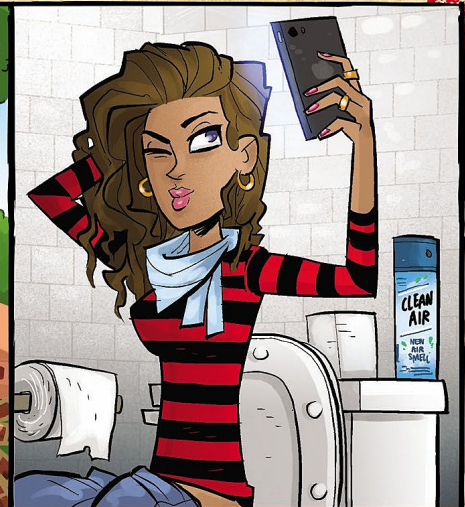
BOOMERS



BOOMER Wore a necktie to his first job interview



BOOMER Once went to Europe and used ten rolls of film



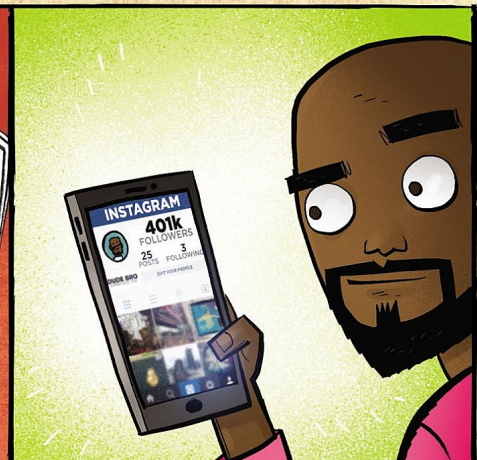
MILLENNIAL Once went to the bathroom and took ten selfies



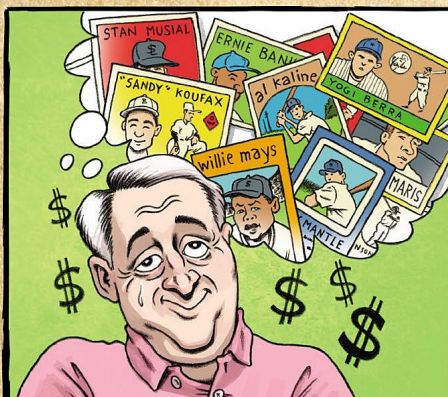
MILLENNIAL Also wore a necktie — but no pants



BOOMER Has a 401k



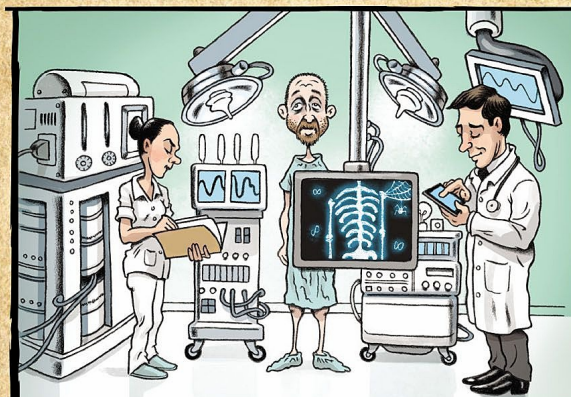
MILLENNIAL Has 401K Instagram followers



BOOMER Would be a millionaire if he'd kept his baseball card collection



MILLENNIAL Would be a millionaire if he hadn't spent his life savings on Pokémon cards



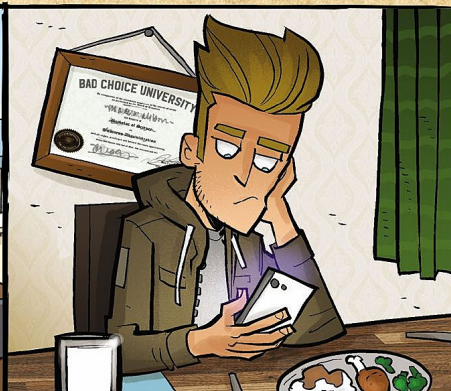
BOOMERS Will live longer than any other generation, thanks to advances in medical technology

S. MILLENNIALS

WRITER: KENNY KEIL ARTISTS: RICK TULKA AND JUSTIN PETERSON
BOOMERS COLORIST: JIM CAMPBELL



BOOMER Went to college so he wouldn't wind up flipping burgers



MILLENNIAL Graduated college, is buried in student loan debt and would kill for a job flipping burgers



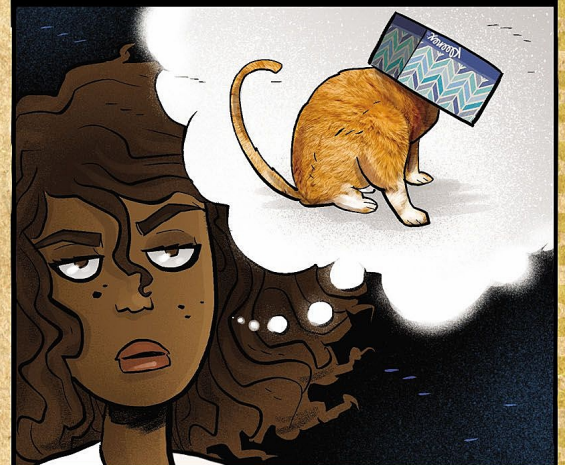
BOOMER Still remembers watching the moon landing over 40 years ago



BOOMER Worked her way up from mailroom clerk to CEO



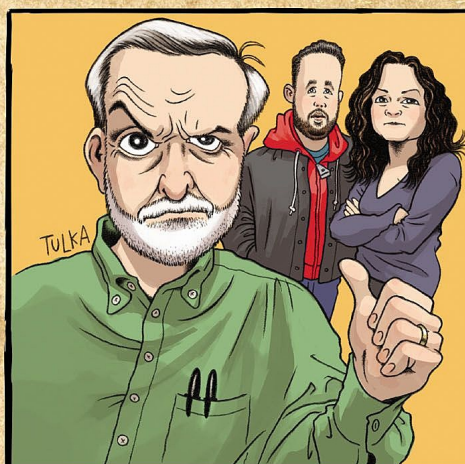
MILLENNIAL Worked her way up from unpaid intern to unpaid fellow with a bathroom key



MILLENNIAL Barely remembers watching that web video where the cat gets its head stuck in the Kleenex box five minutes ago



MILLENNIALS Will have shorter lives than any other generation, thanks to hoverboards



BOOMERS Can't friggin' stand Generation X



MILLENNIALS Same



MISSIVE: IMPOSSIBLE DEPT.

It has become a tradition in our country for an outgoing President to leave behind a letter for the incoming President that offers congratulations, support and wisdom. Given the White House's current resident, we're curious about the kind of letter the NEXT President will receive (in three years, or hopefully, less!) So please pardon us (see what we did there?) as we wistfully contemplate...

Donald Trump's Le



Letter to the Incoming President



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Dear Incoming President,

Congratulations on your victory. While it wasn't as historic as mine, which was the biggest electoral win since Reagan, you still won. And don't feel bad that your inauguration crowd didn't match mine, which was the biggest ever, despite those fake news photos "proving" otherwise.

Welcome to the White House, even though it's a dump. I mean it was a dump when I got here, that's what a lot of people were saying. So, I gold-plated everything and now it's the most beautiful it's ever been, going all the way back to George Washington.

I'm a very intelligent person, okay? Very intelligent. So, I would say it's probably a good idea, a very good idea, if you take my advice.

Hire only the best people, the kind who will give you a loyalty pledge and not recuse themselves if you're under investigation, or flip on you if they're threatened with jail time. I strongly recommend family members.

Remember, and many many people have said this: collusion is not a crime - not that there was any collusion, and I think I would know.

No matter how great you make America, you are only a temporary custodian of this office, so monetize your brand. By the way, have you tried my bottled water or men's fragrance?

Continue to drain the swamp by not filling vacant posts in government agencies. When the agencies fail, cite that as proof of their incompetence. It's a big win-win.

Whatever you do, don't release your taxes.

Putin: Great guy. The best.

A big part of your job will be working with Congress, and I have to say it, because it's politically incorrect: you can't trust a senator with brain cancer. I like senators who don't have brain cancer, all right?

Make threats, blame others and take lots of credit. It works. When accused of something terrible, deny it and change the subject, especially if you did it. Never apologize.

The best time to tweet is between five and six in the morning while on the toilet. The second-best time is a bit later, to repeat something you heard while watching "Fox And Friends." As long as you have that show, you don't need a cabinet.

As incoming President, you are free to set your own course, but why would you want to when you can follow MY brilliant course? I accomplished a lot, actually more than anyone, which was unbelievable. Just unbelievable.

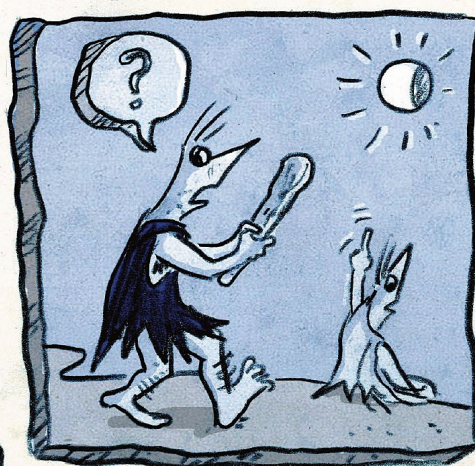
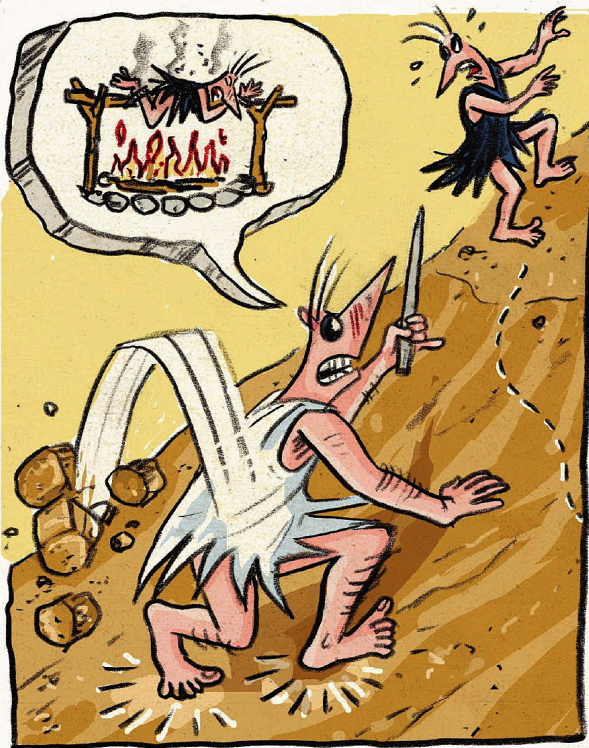
Covfefe,

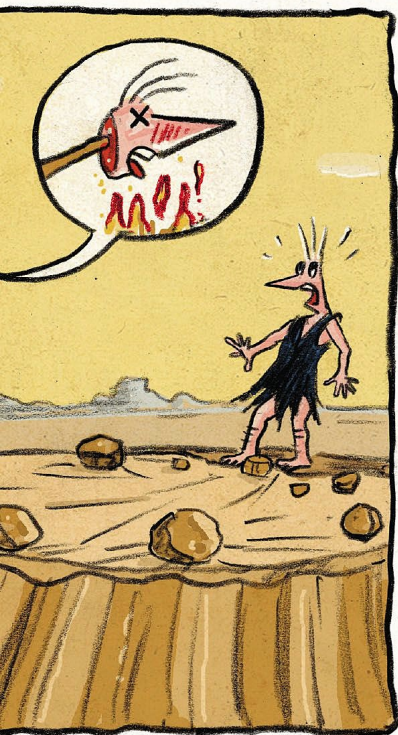
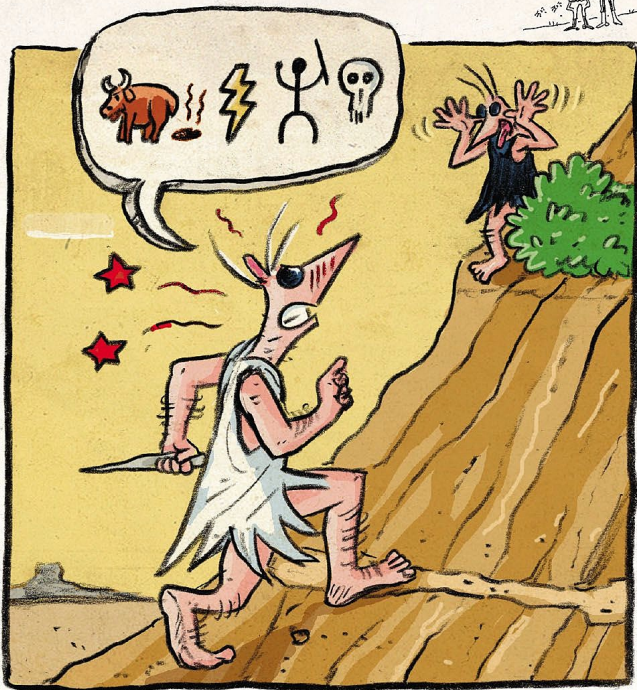
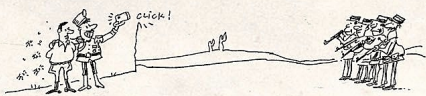
P.S. Take some time to play a little golf now and then. I am attaching a list of my golf courses, which are the best and most beautiful in the world.





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WRITER AND ARTIST: PETER KUPER



KUPER



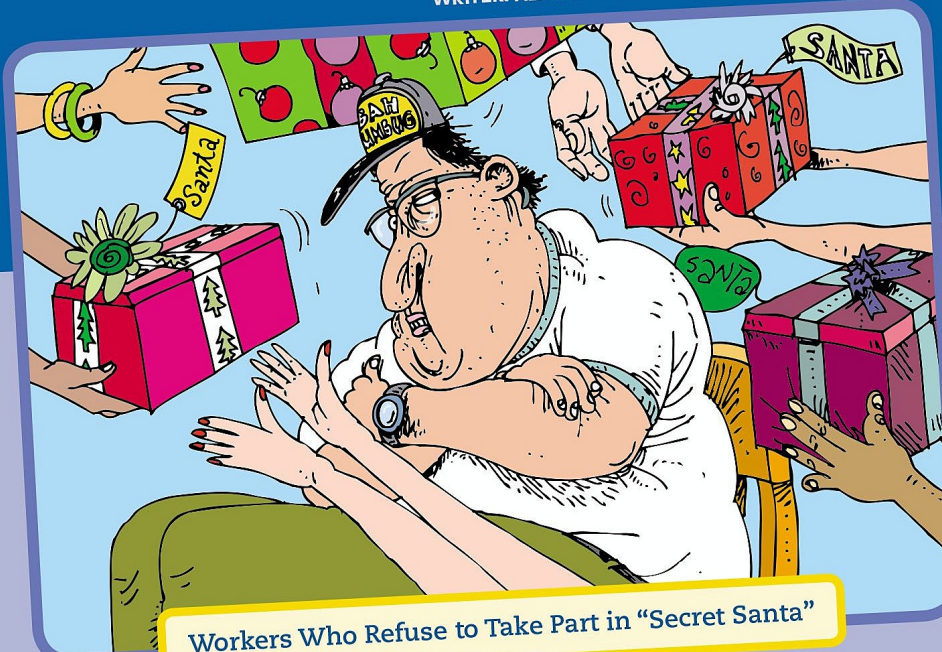


Last year, we had "A Day Without a Woman" and "A Day Without Immigrants." During the protests, members of those groups skipped work for a day to show how their contributions to society would be missed. While both movements were laudable, it got us thinking about the workers who *don't* contribute anything to society. Off the top of our head, we thought of the staff of MAD, but it turns out there's a ton more!

WORKERS WE'D LIKE TO GO A DAY WITHOUT

WRITER: ALISON GRAMBS

ARTIST: KEVIN POPE



Workers Who Refuse to Take Part in "Secret Santa"



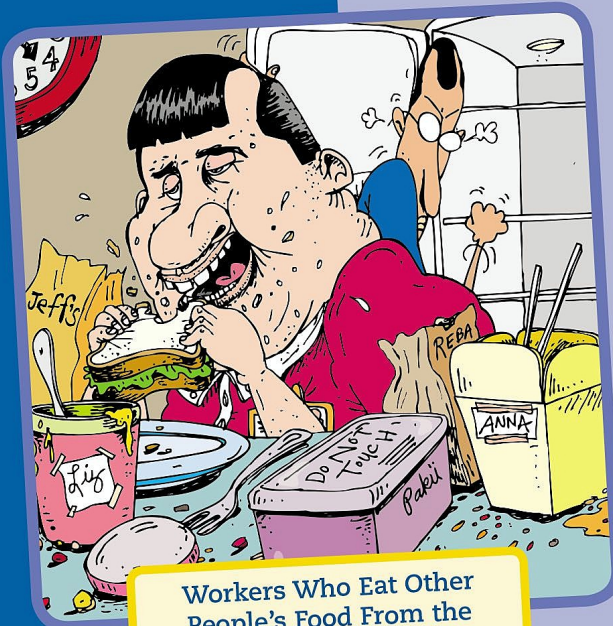
Workers Who Pressure Everyone to Buy Powerball Tickets



Workers Who Refuse to Retire Even Though They've Been Working at the Company for 50 Years and are Nothing but Bitter and Angry



Workers Who Announce on Monday Mornings Who Got Killed on The Walking Dead Before Everyone Else Has Watched the Latest Episode



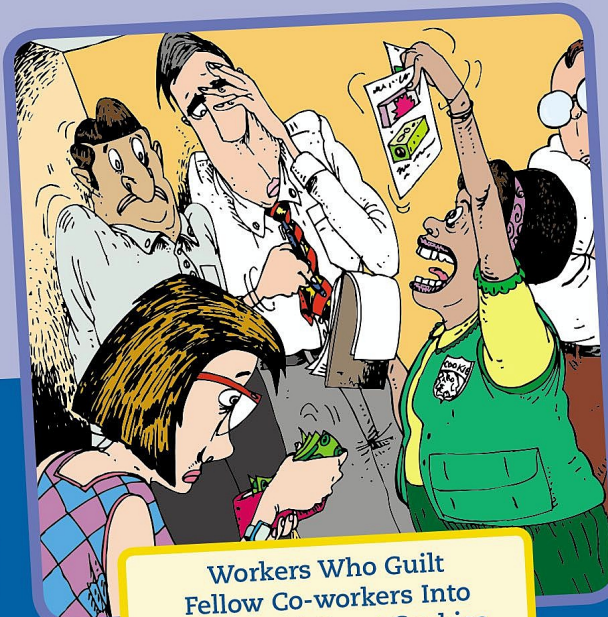
Workers Who Eat Other People's Food From the Communal Refrigerator



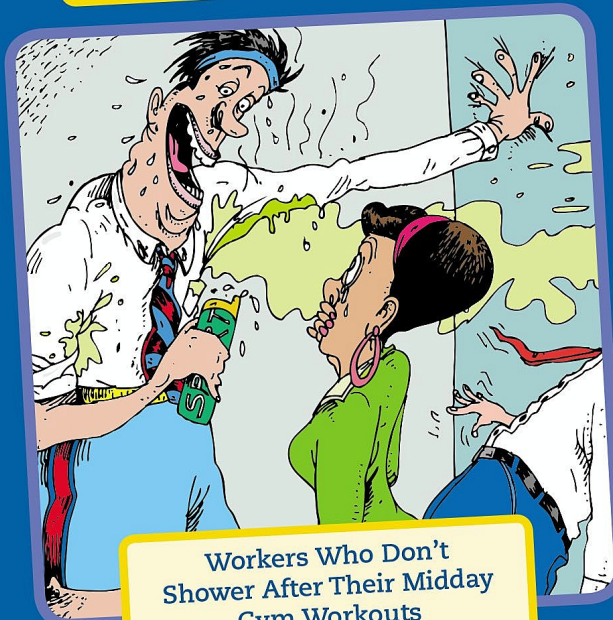
Workers Who Think Casual Fridays are an Excuse to Wear Flip-Flops and Ill-Fitting Yoga Pants – and They're Men



Workers Who Smoke Right Outside the Entrance to the Building



Workers Who Guilt Fellow Co-workers Into Buying Girl Scout Cookies



Workers Who Don't Shower After Their Midday Gym Workouts



Workers Who Leave Their Meatloaf in the Communal Refrigerator Until the Odor Gets so Bad it Causes Someone to Leave a Sign on the Communal Refrigerator Telling People to Not Leave Their Meatloaf in the Communal Refrigerator



THE MAD SP



Horse Takes Knee Before Race — But What Did It Mean?

SANTA AMOEBA, CALIFORNIA

At yesterday's Hompster Derby Stakes Invitational, three-year-old filly Duckturden became the first horse ever to take a knee during the playing of the National Anthem. Opinions initially varied on what she was protesting, or if she was protesting at all. Many believe the thoroughbred was expressing solidarity with former NFL player Colin Kaepernick. "As horses go, she's quite socially conscious," said Duckturden's owner, Shep "Shepp" Sheppy. Duckturden's trainer, Al Pesterman, had a different view: "She's determined to bring attention to the reduction of wild mustang grazing lands in the Southwest," he told reporters. In the race itself, Duckturden finished outside the money in ninth place, at which time it became clear she had actually knelt due to a serious leg injury. Duckturden was then shot, after which Sheppy said, "I'm sorry to see her go. That horse was woke."



Yankees Pass on Japanese Slugger Because Team Announcer Can't Think of Lame Nickname for Him

NEW YORK CITY

New York Yankees General manager Brian Cashman announced yesterday that the team will not sign Japanese superstar Hidenobu Wantabemurata because play-by-play announcer John Stutterling couldn't come up with a terrible nickname for him. "He could hit 80 homers," said Cashman, "but when a Yankee hits a dinger, our fans expect an obnoxious home-run call, and on that front he just doesn't help us." The AP reports that Stutterling had no idea where to start coming up with a groan-inducing forced pun for Wantabemurata. In related news, the team announced that it has signed journeyman outfielder Dick Fleets to a four-year, \$41 million deal. "Now there's a name I can work with!" said Stutterling. "Whenever he hits a homer, I can scream, 'Dick has a big big stick!' or 'Fleets hits one way up in the seats!' Fleets, who is not known for his power, hit .116 last year with two home runs and two RBI in 614 at-bats.



NFL's "No Bowl" Makes Debut, Replacing "Pro Bowl"

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

The NFL's first-ever "No Bowl" ended yesterday with, as widely anticipated, no score. The much-hyped game replaced the Pro Bowl, which has long been a disappointment to fans because so few all-star players tended to participate. "Since the No Bowl promises nothing, fans can't be disappointed," said league commissioner Roger Goodell last month when announcing the game. Since the contest featured no players, no coaches, no cheerleaders and no spectators, Goodell has been proven right. In fact, the televised game had all the excitement of a regular NFL game minus the fast cuts, gritty closeups and slo-mo replays. It also featured no-play-by-no-play commentary of the action not happening on the empty field. The onslaught of beer and erectile dysfunction commercials, however, remained. "It wouldn't be a football game without them," said Goodell in a postgame news conference. In keeping with the theme of "promising fans nothing," Robin Thicke performed during halftime.



Construction Halted on Texas Baseball Stadium with No Field

CRAMWELL, TEXAS

Construction has been stopped on the new stadium for the Texas Yahoos expansion team when it was discovered, more than halfway into the \$2.3 billion, taxpayer-funded project, that there was inadequate room for a baseball field. The state-of-the-art complex, now indefinitely on hold, was expected to have all the coveted amenities of modern ballparks, including a waterpark, shopping mall, convention center, hotel, petting zoo, seven restaurants (including the region's largest Sir Puffy's), a 154-lane bowling alley, car detailing center, spa, railway museum, six-level paintball course and 24-screen movie theater. "Look, on a project like this, some little things are bound to fall through the cracks," said developer Eppy Spray. "In this case, it just so happened to be the infield and outfield."

New Effort to Speed Up Baseball Unveiled: Balls Caught by Fans Will Count as Outs

CUPINLUCK, ILLINOIS

With the average length of baseball games still over three hours, Commissioner Bart "Bowie" Scuddy announced sweeping rule changes today to speed up the pace of play. Among the most controversial changes announced is the "Grandstand Fly Rule," which states: "Any fly ball, whether fair or foul, caught by a fan with their hands, a hat, a glove or a net, shall be considered an out." Supporters of the rule point out that it will not only speed up the game, but encourage fan participation and, concurrently, sales of outfield seats. Detractors argue that it could lead to homicides at the ballpark if, for example, a White Sox fan were to catch what would have otherwise been a home run in the bleachers at Wrigley Field. Scuddy was quick to point out that that already happens at Wrigley Field even without the rule in effect.



NFL Team Fields First-Ever All-Felon Offensive Line

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

With the recent additions of tackles Mitchelton Thigs (vehicular homicide) and JJ Putty (animal cruelty), the Carolina Panthers yesterday became the first team in NFL history to field an all-felon offensive line. In their thrilling 21-20 victory over the Miami Dolphins last night, the Panthers started guards Aggrieved McPouncey (sexual assault) and Nate Ononono (threatening a government official, tax evasion), along with all-pro center Tyron "No Brains" Whittleworth (murder, child pornography, twice violating parole). "It's a milestone and I think it's great," said coach Bill Bellicose, following the hotly-contested game. The Panthers have proven themselves adept at signing talented criminals. Tight end Odell Fishhead, who has never been convicted of a felony but boasts four misdemeanor offenses (domestic violence, DUI, assault resulting in bodily injury and obscenity) currently leads the league in touchdown receptions. Still to be determined, however, is whether the Panthers' massive bail postings violate the league's salary cap.

UFC Fighter Retires Before First Match

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The highly-anticipated first fight of women's UFC newcomer Beverly Grout was put in jeopardy when she announced her retirement during the weigh-in for her premiere bout, scheduled for next week. "My agent said it wasn't necessary," Grout explained to reporters. "I've already secured endorsement deals worth \$12 million." In fact, Grout's endorsements may exceed that amount, as she inked contracts to represent Pepsi, GoDaddy, Dick's Sports, Bon Ami Cleanser, Victoria's Secret, Shake Shack and Dyson Vacuum Cleaners. "My agent, Hector [Gabbo], made sure none of the deals said I actually have to fight. Did you SEE Ronda Rousey's face after her last match? She looked like a beef casserole with a neck! I don't need that. I've already been signed for the next three *Fast and Furious* movies."





Sitting down in a public bathroom is a harrowing experience — you usually have to contend with filthy seats, nauseating smells and Soviet military-grade toilet paper. So the last thing you want when you're hunkered down in there is a talkative neighbor, making things even more awkward with these...

THINGS YOU DON'T THE NEXT

Another pair of wingtips — ruined!

Oh God, I wish I hadn't insulted that gypsy!

Pebble... pebble...telephone pole...chickpea... Lincoln Log...

You've got to see this. I'm rolling it over to you.

Batteries? Cigarettes? Packing peanuts? Dammit, Ambien, what did you make me eat!?!

"Restaurant Employees Must Wash Hands." Hee hee! It doesn't say anything about the *manager*, though!

Dammit, you're my helper monkey — get helping!

So much corn! Aaaaaand here comes the cob!

Bet you fifty bucks I can get my stream up and over this here divider.

Excuse me? Friend? I need you to call my wife!

Dial-A-Mattress? Is it true that you'll deliver anywhere?

I'm not a praying man... but God, if you're up there — I need you now!

Man, if they bombed Syria like this, the war would be over!

Psst. Hey, pal. Just for the hell of it, wanna switch seats?

Hmmm...now what Snapchat filter would work with that?

I've always found being around running water to be so calming...

You got any toilet paper over there? Also, some gauze and a number 4 Ace bandage?

Hey, buddy — could you take a look and tell me whether this is a tapeworm or just some fettucini?

Could you sign this video release form, ma'am?

And... got it! Who says you can't smuggle a Glock into this building?!?

Ooh, I like you! Into the Ziploc you go!

Madre de dios! The image of San Sebastian!

ARTIST: JOSH MECOUCH

Clog
King
III

MAX
KORN:



♪ Let it go,
let it go, can't
hold it back *any-*
moooooore! ♪

PANTS
SUK

PLEASE
NOCK

That's either
corn or baby teeth...
either way, I gotta
stop ordering from
Golden Panda!

Marco!
...Polo!

I could really use a slotted spoon right now!

ALSO
OUT
OF
ORDER

No, you caught me at a perfect time. Let's do the mortgage application by phone.

Hey, buddy –
if I told you I had a
travel-sized Yahtzee,
would you be up for
a game?

Hi, Rush!
First-time caller,
long-time
listener!

**Damn
automatic toilet
flushed before
I could take
inventory!**

I told the
waiter no peanuts.
**I TOLD THE WAITER
NO PEANUTS. I TOLD
THE WAITER NO
PEANUTS!**

Rich hints
of mahogany; subtle
undertones of cherry...
I really like your
bouquet!

Oh, man –
pants off **first**, THEN
sit down! **Stupid!**
Stupid!



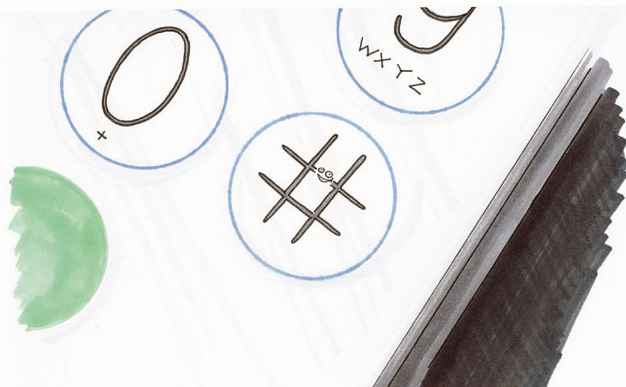
I don't know what I just made, but it's already got 50 likes on Instagram!

No, it's fine. I can keep Skyping.

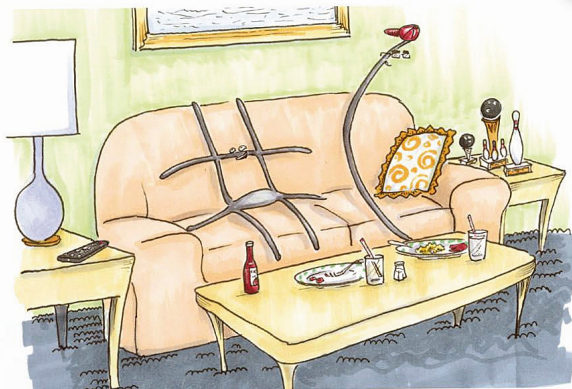
Hey buddy,
you want half
this gyro?



The Life and Times of Je



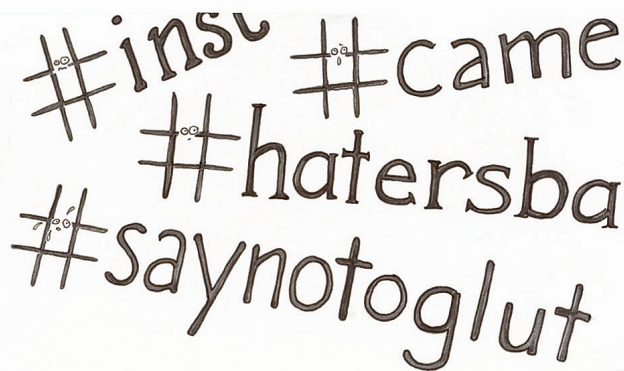
Jerry's life was good. Sure, he never grew into a big Tic-Tac-Toe board like he dreamed of, but he was the Pound Sign, and that was enough. Work was steady, especially since the rise of automated customer service and the prompt "...followed by the pound sign." He had little time to ponder what might have been.



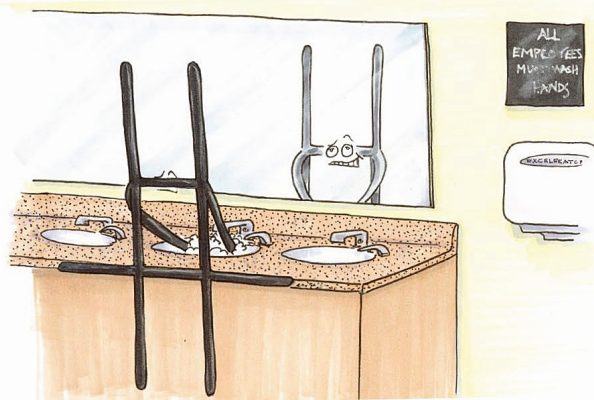
He lived with his roommate, Dave the Open-Parenthesis, a brooding type, who was always making asides. But Dave's western omelets more than made up for his sometimes bummed moods. They got along fine and were even on the same bowling team — just a couple of friends living their lives.



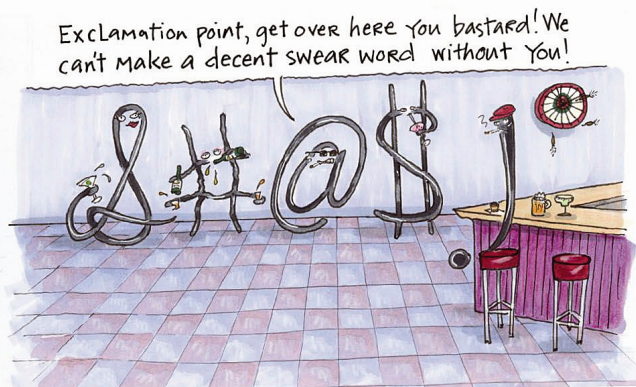
One typical afternoon at work, Jerry found himself crammed right up against the beginning of a word. He waited to feel the backspace correcting the typo, but it never came. He chalked it up to MKS — Moron at the Keyboard Syndrome.



The next day, when it happened a few more times, he checked with his cube-mate, Pam the Number Three, to see if she had experienced anything weird. She hadn't. After that, there was no time to even think about what was happening. Before long, Jerry was smashed up against more words than he ever knew existed.

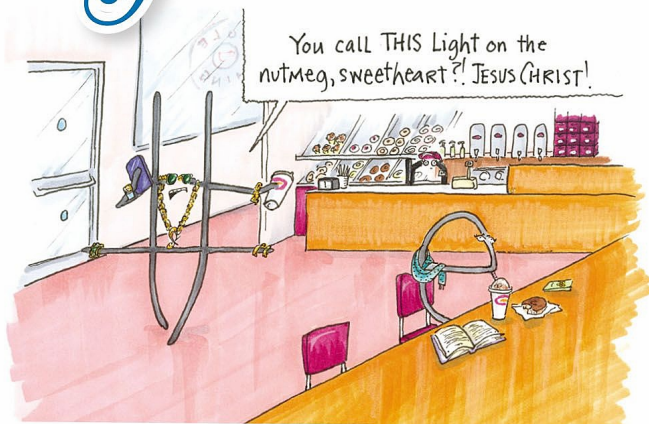


Jerry got used to the weird and constant proximity to words, but what unsettled him was that no one called him by his given name, Pound Sign, anymore. This new gig brought him a new name: Hashtag. And a new sensation: popularity.

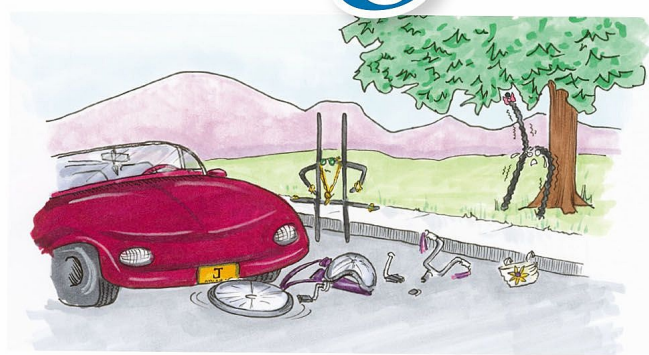


It wasn't long before Jerry (or "Hashtag J," as he now insisted on being called) became unrecognizable. Soon he was running with a new crew of friends, who glommed onto his fame. Dollar Sign, At and Ampersand were his constant cohorts in clubs, and when they all got together it always spelled trouble.

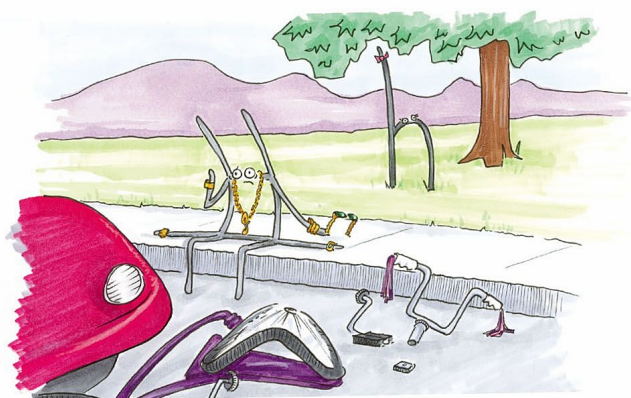
Try the Pound Sign



Hashtag J was living big — late nights, expensive meals, fancy jewelry. He never saw Dave anymore and was barely associating with his coworkers. But Hashtag J was on top of the world and there was no stopping him. Or so he thought.



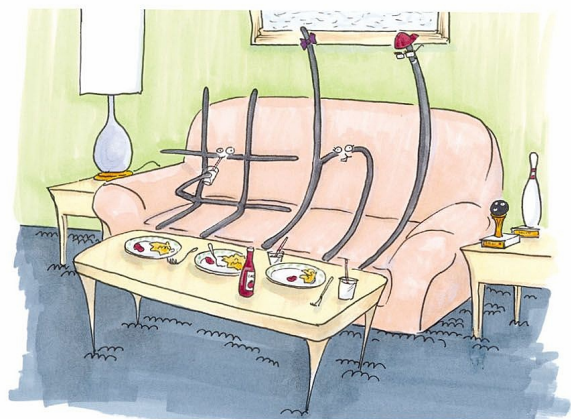
One day, driving to the Polo Club, he was texting with a symbol he had met the night before. He heard the scream before he felt the impact. Slamming on the brakes, Hashtag J sprinted from the car to see the mangled bicycle under his wheels, but the cries came from another direction, where Cora the Lower Case h was shivering on the side of the road. "You monster! You almost killed me! Also, you smell super-musty!" she wailed.



"And YOU smell INSIGNIFICANT," he scoffed — when, all at once, it hit him. He turned and took in the scene, and in a voice he barely knew — Jerry's voice — said, "You're right. I've lost my way. I've forgotten that no matter how famous you are, we are all equal. Even Equal Sign! And, I do, I do smell super-musty."



After that, Jerry changed his ways. Ampersand was the last one to stop calling. The rest of his party friends quickly latched on to Asterisk (who was getting a lot of press because of some classified emails).



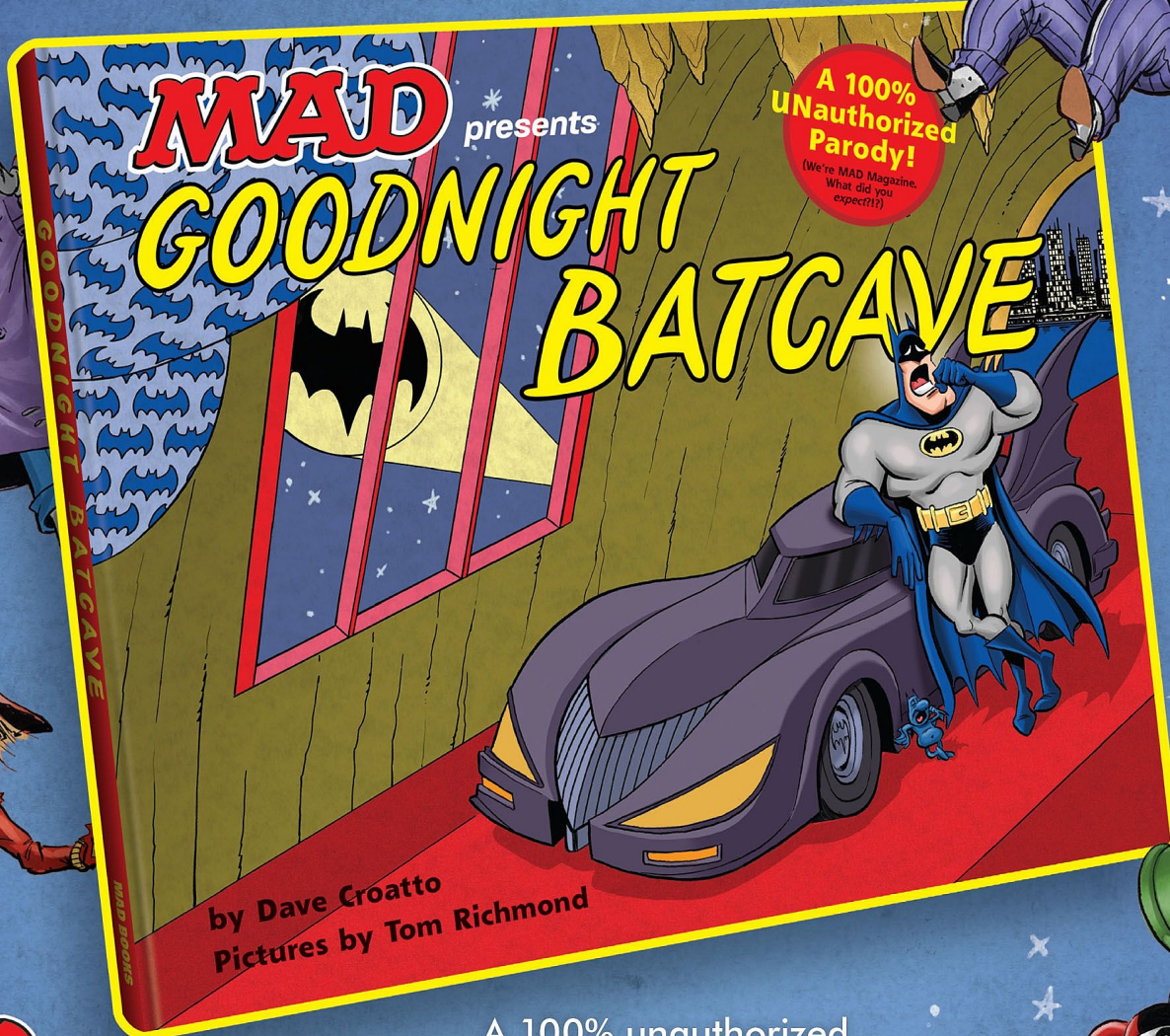
The guys at Pinny Lanes welcomed him back, no questions asked. Dave is happy to have his roommate back for Wednesday Western Omelets and Trivia Night — and sometimes Cora the Lower Case h rides over on her brand new bike to join them.



Jerry is still busy as hell and as popular as ever. He's taken up meditation and journaling, and, most weekends you can find him volunteering down at the Invoice Factory, as the Pound Sign.

"The perfect joke gift for the Bat-fan
that has everything, as well as a
fun little tale to read to your younger Bat-Mite
as you tuck him or her into bed."

—AIN'T IT COOL NEWS



A 100% unauthorized
GOODNIGHT MOON parody—as only the
world-(in)famous MAD magazine
can do it!

HARDCOVER
ON SALE
NOW!



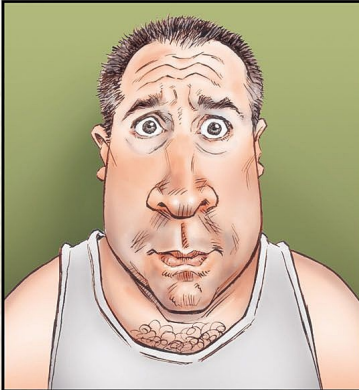
Who said "crime doesn't pay"? Not the genius who came up with the idea of collecting humiliating mug shots of the recently arrested and publishing them in local newspapers across the country. But do you really care who was arrested for DWI or public urinating? What you really want to know is the names and faces of the fiends who commit the petty, heinous crimes that offend us all. What we need is a paper like...

GO'RCIA

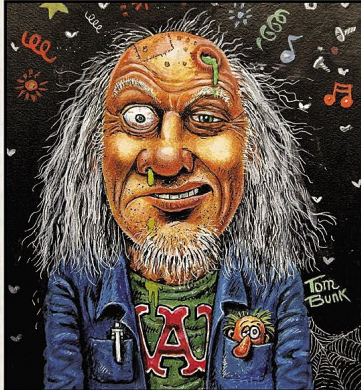
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VOL. 7 ISSUE 31 • FEBRUARY 2018
FUMBUCK, SKANKIHOOR, METHCHESTER & PERVBERG COUNTIES EDITION

MUG SHOTS OF COMMON (BUT DESPICABLE) CRIMINALS



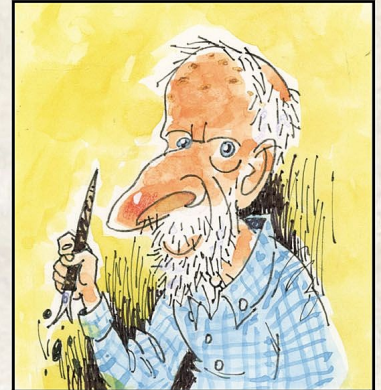
JAMES EARL DUSTIN
Unprovoked assault on cardboard
Kylo Ren standee at Target



RONNIE LEE SCRUGGS
Taking all the beef from Beef with
Broccoli tray at Chinese buffet



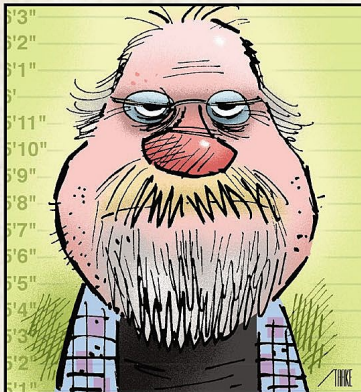
DUSTIN EARL LEE
Attempting to pass expired
Arby's coupons



JASON JUSTIN DUSTIN
Attempting to pass expired
Arby's coupons (at Hardee's)



DONNIE HORTNOY
Convincing minor that a
paintball was a gumball



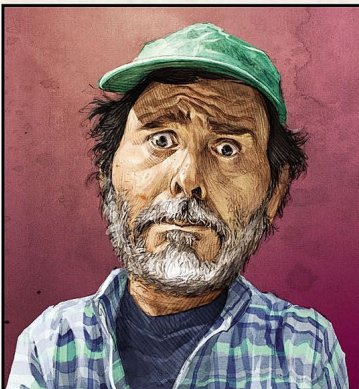
LEVI BIGTOE
Posting Yelp review for
restaurant that he never visited



BECKILYNN TUTCH
Manspreading on crowded
subway without penis



TYLER DILLARD SHANE
Climbing into steel claw game
at Walmart



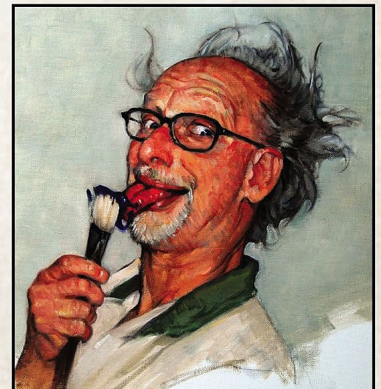
DEREK JAMES CODY
Excessive strokes on busy mini-
golf course with people waiting



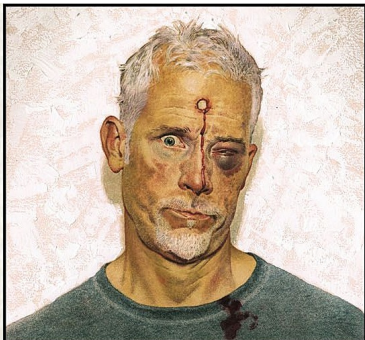
SHAWN EARL DERRICK
False use of "multi-family
mega-sale" posting to describe
small, sad yard sale



WAYNE FARCHLING
Entering bounce house without
removing shoes



BUNIONS O'SCROODLE
Stealing pies cooling
on windowsill



RONALD LEE RAY
Grabbing the milk with the
later date from the back of
the dairy case



RONALD DEERTICK
Clipping toenails while wife
is eating



KATO SMOOT
Unauthorized all-you-can-eat
shrimp plate sharing at Sizzler



BAXTER BROOM
Bigamy



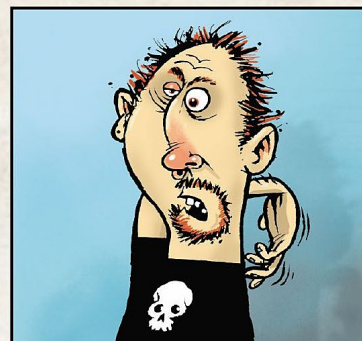
NORTON CROWHEADENBUS
Using fingers to eat cherry
tomatoes directly from salad bar



HANS BRICKFACE
Using free address labels sent
by Humane Society without
sending back a donation



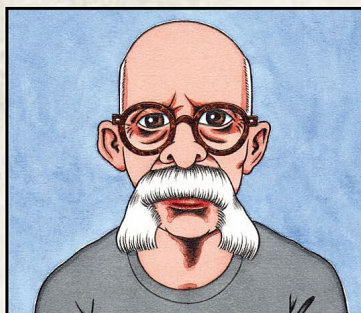
FLUFFY MCDUGAL
Wanton destruction of
avian wildlife



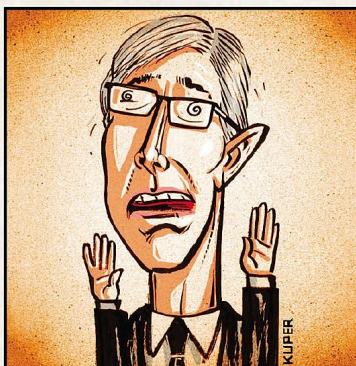
JIM GRAVEL
Methodically capturing and
dismembering 238 drifters
between 1968 and 1997



LUCUS MUCUS
Passing off recipe found online as
"Grandma Stucker's potato salad"
for church fundraising cookbook



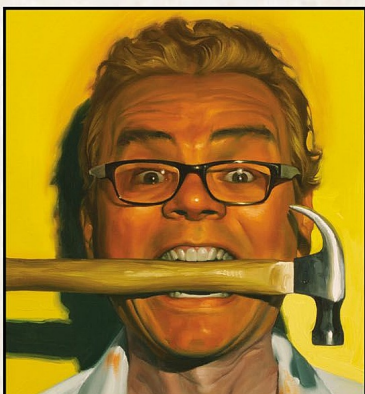
MALWARE DIRSLOP
Frantically forwarding debunked
email about hypodermic needles
at gas pumps, with four years of
headers attached, to grandson



THROMBOSIS KRUMP
Giving homework on a
holiday weekend



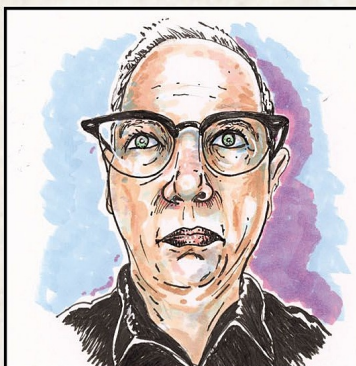
RICKY LEW PECKER
Binge-watching brother-in-law's
colonoscopy videos



VIRGIL LEE CASEY
Blaming it on the dog



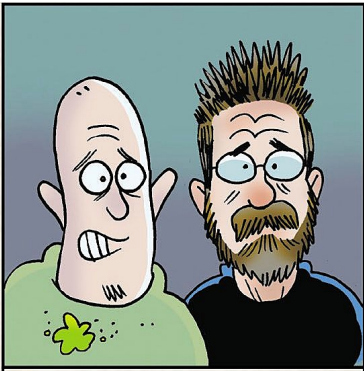
TEB TUB
Writing harassing/threatening
birthday cake inscriptions



TOM WADDEDSOCK
Taking selfie in locker room with
nude fat guy in background



COVFEFE-BOB GRUNK
Hitting "reply all" to email with
information pertinent only to
the original sender



BO GRIGGS/LEON HAMS

Sneaking in own candy to movie theater



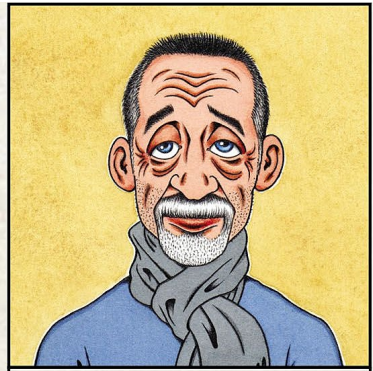
LONNIE RUSSEL TATUM

Giving Uber driver low rating because "she wasn't hot"



BEAU WURDLOW

Keeping light on throughout an overnight flight



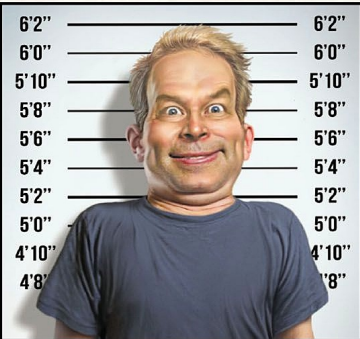
KLAXON WHISENSCHMUT

Asking for a "cup for water" but filling it with soda



TANYA CORTORDER

Publicly referring to self as "mommy of two furbabies"



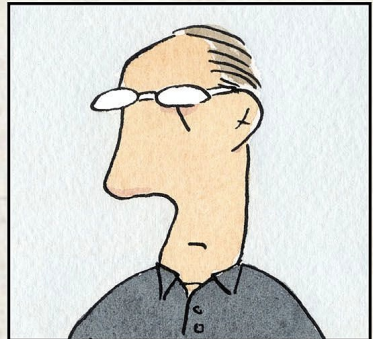
HEATH ROY RUGG

Passive-aggressively preventing use of adjacent movie seat by putting coat over it



DR. GRADY BIRDSLOP

Plugging phone charger into wall at TJ Maxx like he owns the place



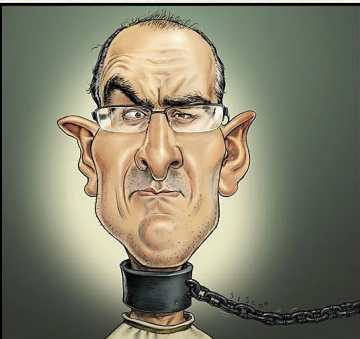
CODY GRIGGS CLAYTON

Refusing to free up space on DVR by deleting 27 unwatched episodes of *Gotham*



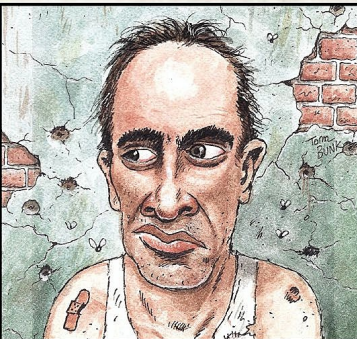
WESLEY LEE WHESS

Throwing together bag of soiled rags to donate to thrift store on 12/31 to get tax receipt



DON OWLPELLET

Retweeting everything Fetty Wap tweets



WINSTON VAN WINSTON VAN

Failure to participate in mandatory standing ovation for entrance of Joy Behar at taping of *The View*



ZEKE A. VYRUSS

Falsely claiming to have diabetes to avoid purchasing fundraising candy bar



COLBY CODY DAKOTA

Failure to purchase Girl Scout cookies from co-worker



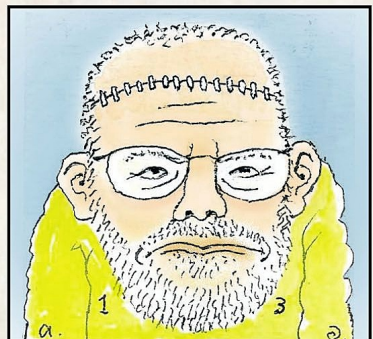
HECKY PECKERSMITH

Malicious theft of a piece from a half-finished jigsaw puzzle in a nursing home common area



FESTUS MCPITSTANK

Fugitive from deodorant



RUSS TATUM LONNY

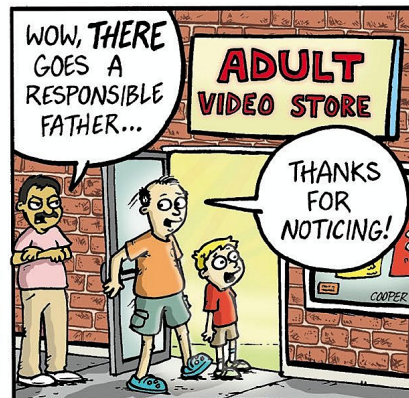
Doing the Fold-In in the checkout line and then not buying the magazine



THE STRIP CLUB

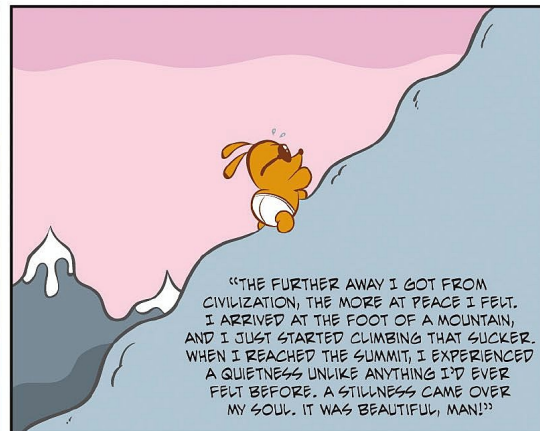


HOW'S MY DRIVING?

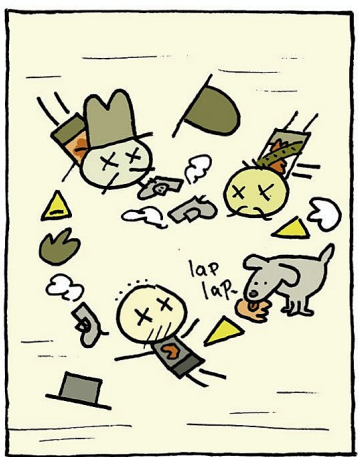
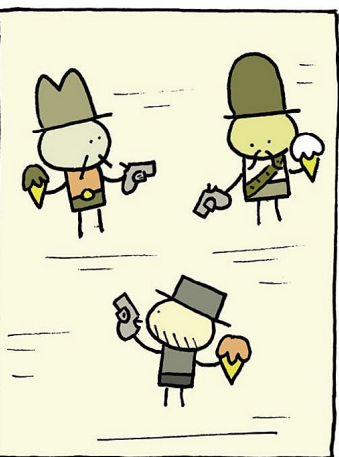
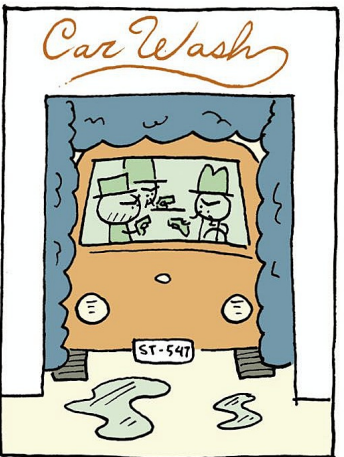
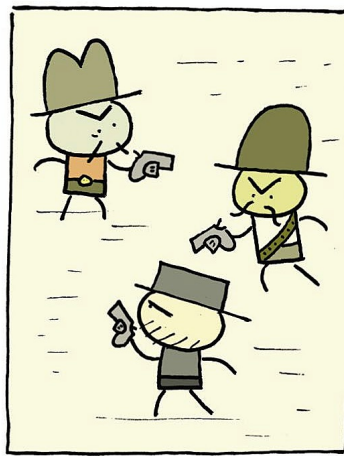


NATHAN COOPER

WHAT IF DOG WAS ONE OF US?



KENNY KEIL





With robots working in factories, hospitals and even police departments — *somebody* has to detonate those bombs — many say that the future of job automation is already here. But in the years to come, we'll see advances that will make our current sci-fi dystopia seem positively quaint! Don't believe us? Just tell your cybernetic butler to read you this piece we like to call...

THE FUTURE OF

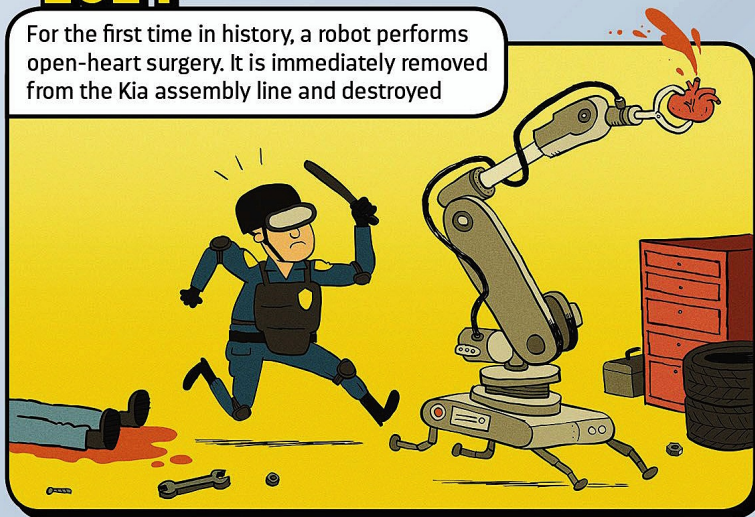
2019

Automobiles become completely self-driving — leaving cabbies, truckers and the cast of *Fast & Furious* jobless



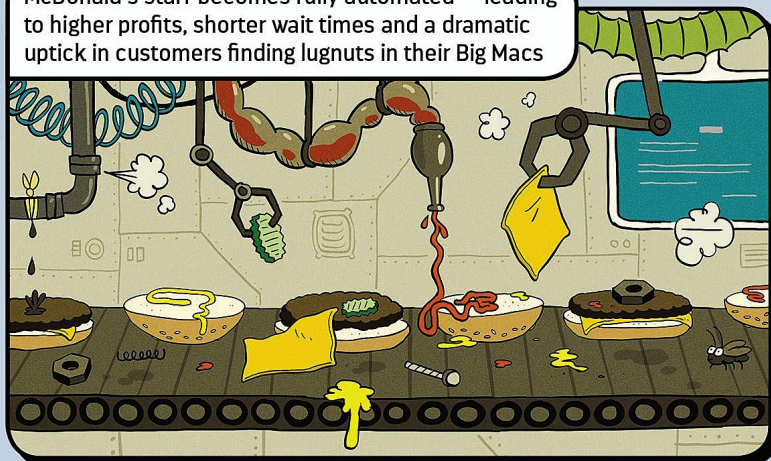
2024

For the first time in history, a robot performs open-heart surgery. It is immediately removed from the Kia assembly line and destroyed



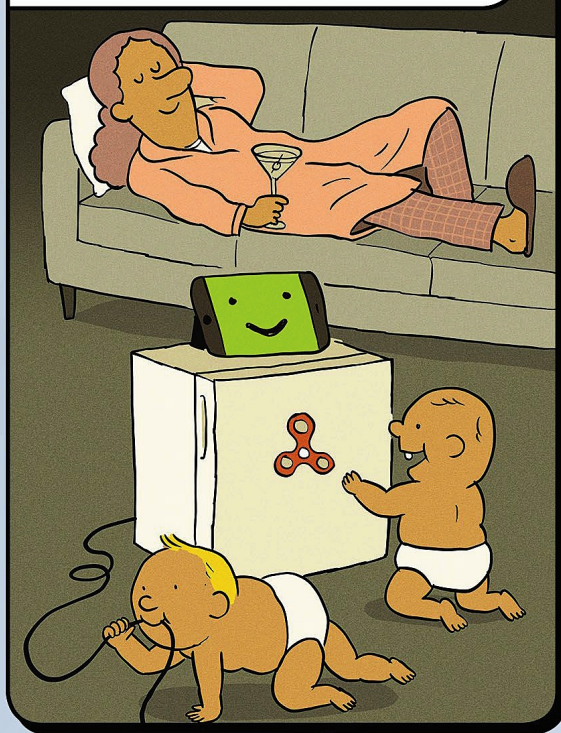
2025

McDonald's staff becomes fully automated — leading to higher profits, shorter wait times and a dramatic uptick in customers finding lugnuts in their Big Macs



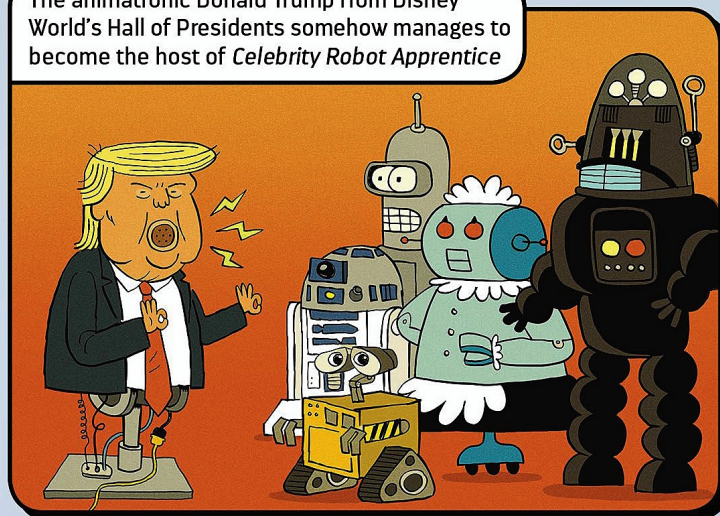
2022

Childcare is revolutionized with the advent of the Robo-Nanny. Sure, it's just a mini-fridge, an iPad and a fidget spinner welded together — but, *man*, does it keep the kids out of your hair!



2028

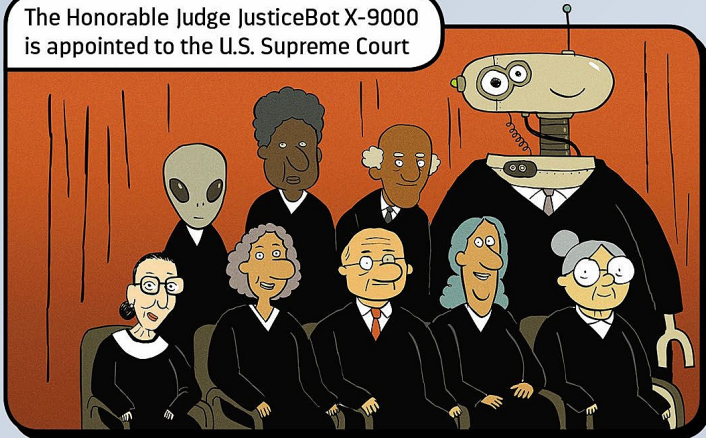
The animatronic Donald Trump from Disney World's Hall of Presidents somehow manages to become the host of *Celebrity Robot Apprentice*



JOB AUTOMATION

2032

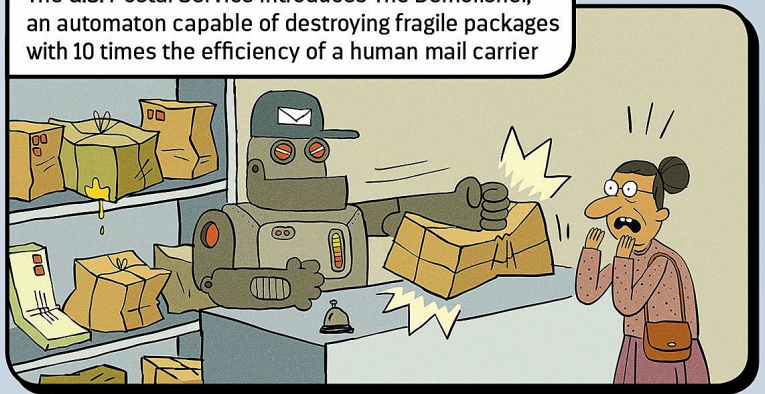
The Honorable Judge JusticeBot X-9000 is appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court



2038

WRITER: KENNY KEIL ARTIST: JOHN MARTZ

The U.S. Postal Service introduces The Demolisher, an automaton capable of destroying fragile packages with 10 times the efficiency of a human mail carrier



2033

Human police officers are replaced with patrol drones, resulting in some of the weirdest episodes of Law & Order yet



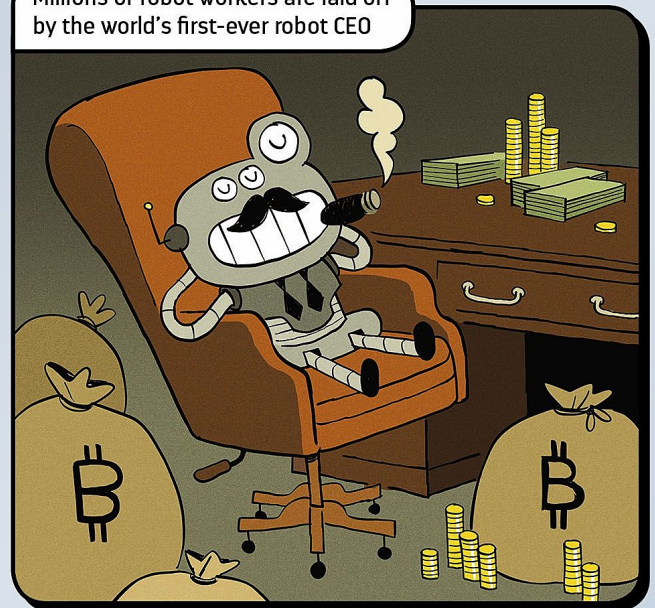
2039

For the first time in baseball history, a robot plays in the World Series. Unfortunately, its settings accidentally get switched from "Pitcher" to "Belly Itcher" in the seventh inning, resulting in a devastating upset



2043

Millions of robot workers are laid off by the world's first-ever robot CEO



2036

Starbucks develops a robotic barista that can misspell up to 120 customer names per hour





No one knows what happens after we die (well, if you're Colonel Sanders, we know you're awkwardly portrayed
It can answer a lot of questions (but not "Is this the most morbid and depressing intro to a

SELECTED OBSE RANDOM

"...SpongeBob vitamins
in stomach appear to
be predominately
Squidward-shaped..."

"...hospital
records indicate
subject was a
toupée donor..."

"...authorized personnel
present during autopsy
include the sheriff, the
county coroner and
some guy in a Green
Lantern costume..."

"...Eeewwww,
gross!..."

"...subject had baboon
heart, as well as baboon
lungs, rib cage and
digestive system, so we
think that it may
actually be a baboon..."



by a bevy of B-list comedians). The point of an autopsy, though, is to find out what happened *before* you died. MAD article ever?). Still, being dead isn't so bad — at least you don't have to hear these...

RVATIONS FROM AUTOPSIES

WRITER: JEFF KRUSE

ARTIST: TOM BUNK

"...showed more
menstrual bleeding
than is common
for a man..."

"...no evidence of
a soul, despite
repeated urgings by
the hospital chaplain
to keep looking..."

"...deceased appears
to have had tonsils
removed and
replaced with
artificial ones..."

"...deceased was a
1980s-era sitcom
actor, who most
people thought had
died years ago..."

"...I don't even want
to think about how
27 Monopoly hotels
ended up in
subject's colon..."




SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

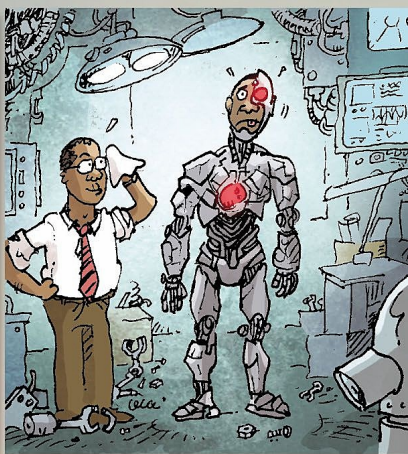
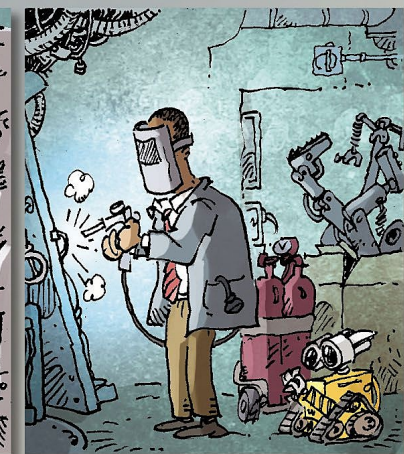
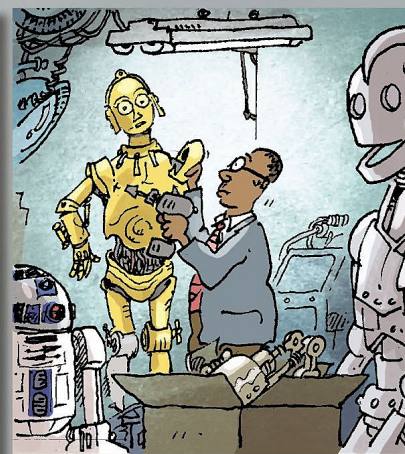
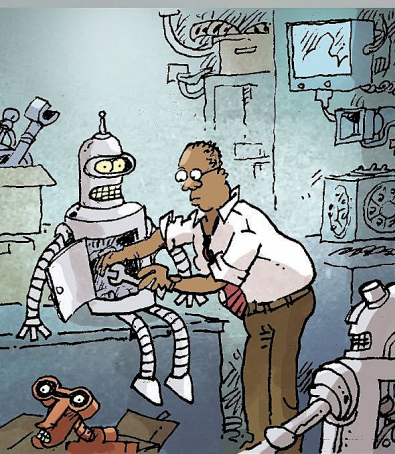
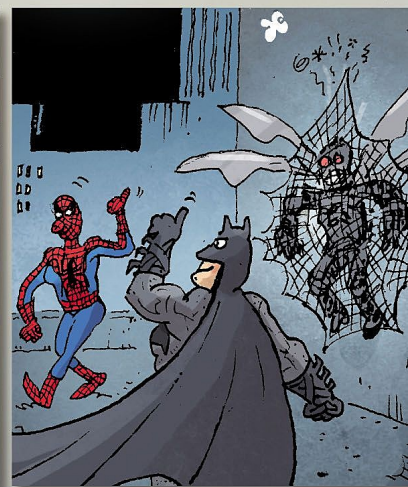
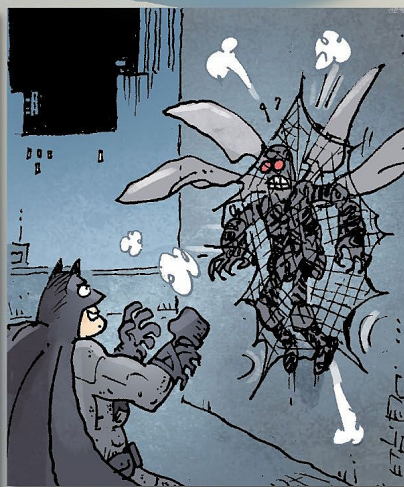
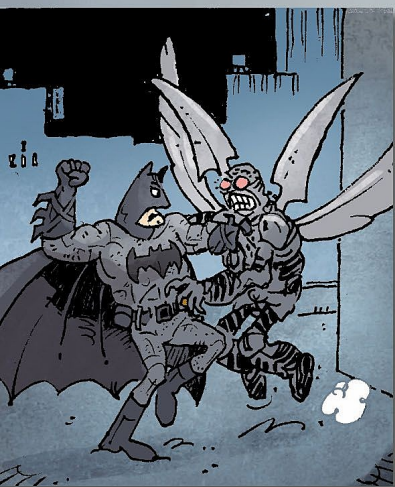
SERGIO ARAGONES

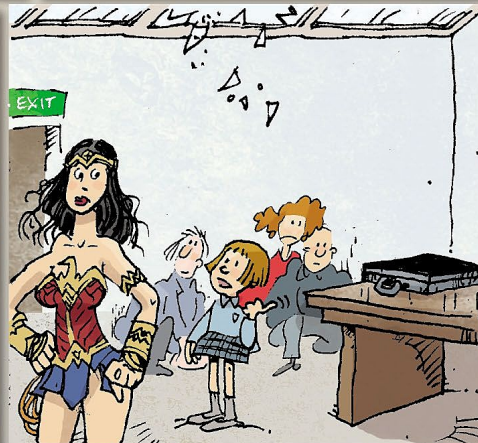
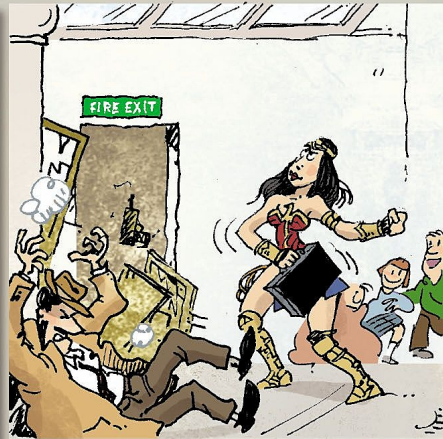
PRESENTS

A

MAD

LOOK AT

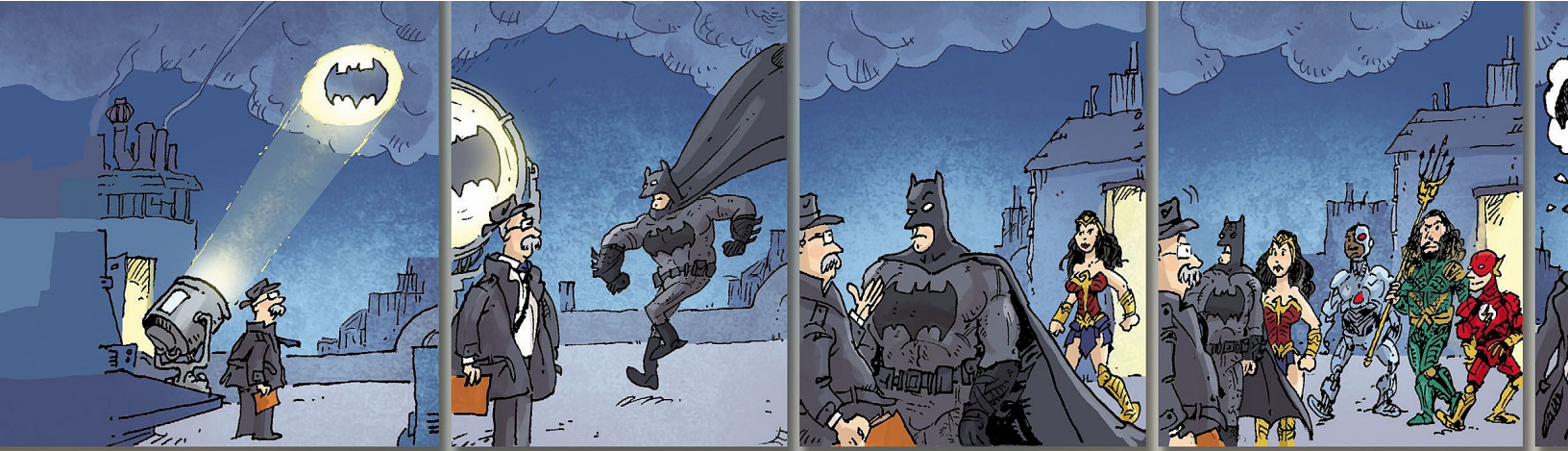


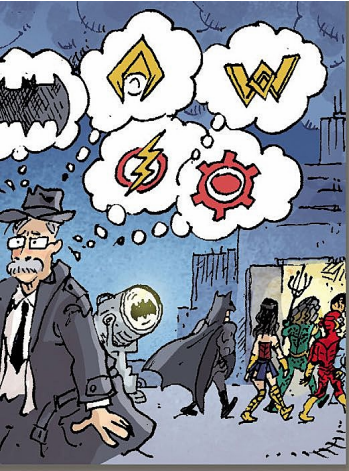


WRITER AND ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONÉS

COLORIST: JIM CAMPBELL



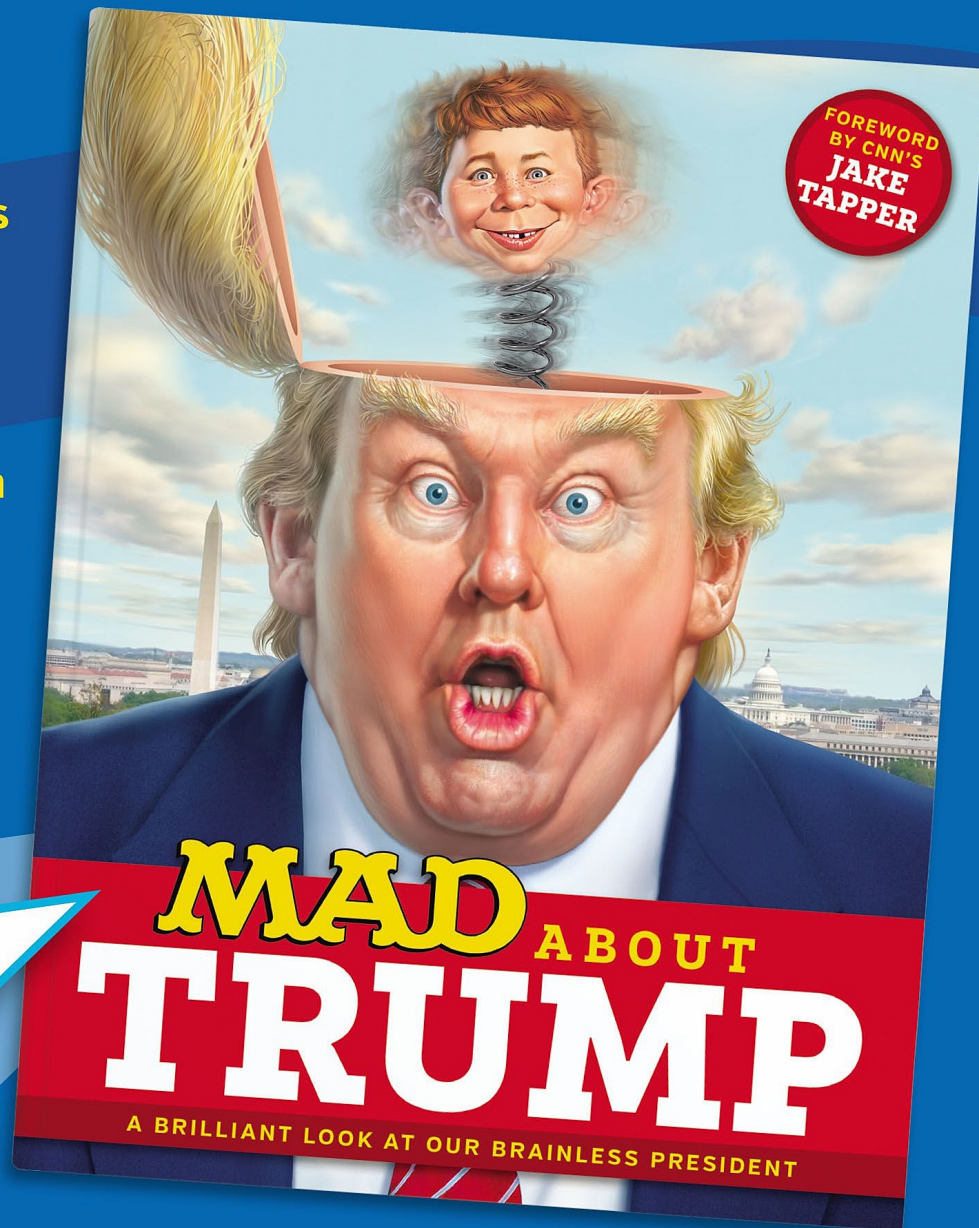




OUR BEST MATERIAL ON AMERICA'S GREATEST* PRESIDENT!

- ★ Over 120 pages of Trump stupidity!
- ★ Following Donald Trump's career from shady business man to slimy reality star to incompetent President!
- ★ Featuring an introduction and original artwork by CNN's Jake Tapper!

**ON
SALE
NOW!**



Whether you love Donald Trump
or hate him, you'll agree –
this book is about him!

NOTE: Refunds will not be
offered in the event of impeachment

*according to President Trump

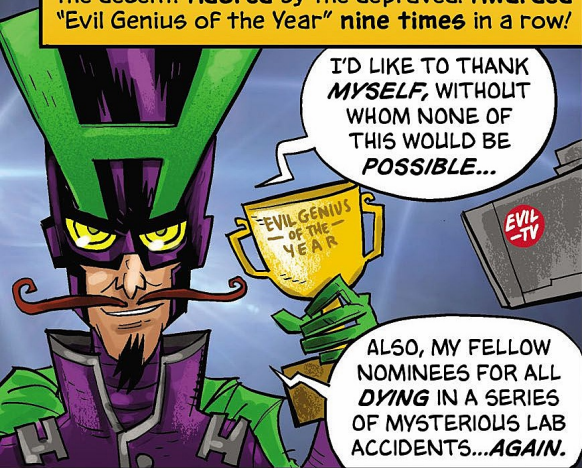
The villainous mastermind Dr. Heinous — trapped in his awkward teenage past! I.P. Studios presents...



DEWEY DERWIN DESTROYS THE WORLD!

"DEWEY'S LAST DANCE"

My name is Dr. Heinous, and I was the greatest supervillain of all time. Loathed by the decent/ Adored by the depraved/ Awarded "Evil Genius of the Year" nine times in a row!



I'D LIKE TO THANK MYSELF, WITHOUT WHOM NONE OF THIS WOULD BE POSSIBLE...

ALSO, MY FELLOW NOMINEES FOR ALL DYING IN A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS LAB ACCIDENTS...AGAIN.

Then a time travel mishap left my genius mind trapped in the gangly body of my 14-year-old self, forced to relive the dumpster fire that was high school freshman year, when I was known simply as...Dewey Derwin.



I've spent every waking moment since in the suffocating presence of feeble-minded family members, taffy-brained teachers, and cretinous classmates, constantly sabotaging my plans! I feel like a brilliant blueberry trapped at the bottom of a pinhead parfait.



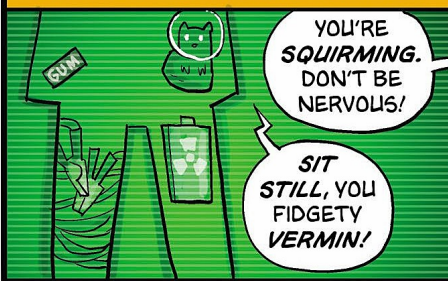
But all that ends tonight, as I suffer one final adolescent indignity...the school dance.

MOTHER! CEASE WITH YOUR INFERNAL SHUTTERBUGGERY AT ONCE!

BUT YOU LOOK SO CUTE IN YOUR OUTFIT, SWEETIE!



Once inside, I'll sneak my anti-matter hamster backstage, get him lit on nuclear tapwater, and then run that dark energy through the P.A. system to create a quantum harmonic oscillator! In other words: a ride home.



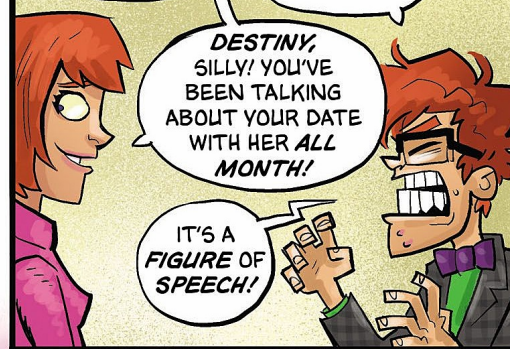
SIT STILL, YOU FIDGETY VERMIN!

NOW WHERE'S THAT GIRLFRIEND OF YOURS...

WHAT GIRLFRIEND?!

DESTINY, SILLY! YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOUR DATE WITH HER ALL MONTH!

IT'S A FIGURE OF SPEECH!



TOLD YOU HE MADE HER UP.

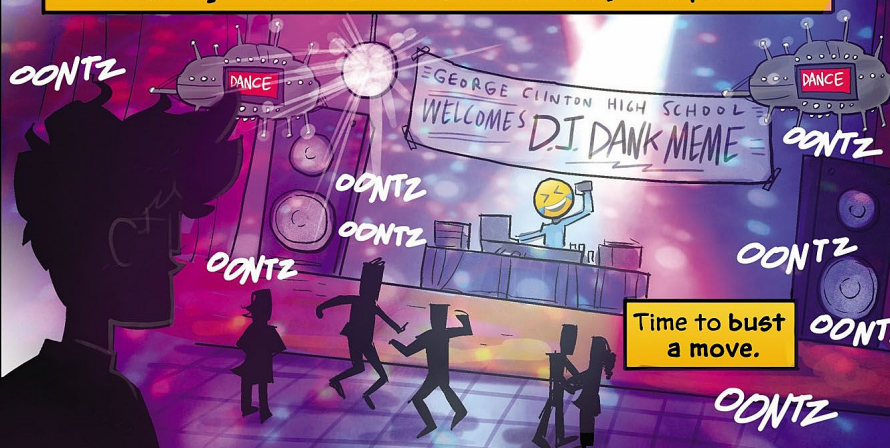
SIGH. HERE YOU GO.

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I GROW UP TO HAVE MULTITUDINOUS ROMANTIC OPTIONS!

I'M JUST BUSY WITH WORK, THAT'S ALL...



Every degrading setback has led to this moment when I, much like the time machine components hidden in my underwear, will emerge from the shadows and reveal my true power!



Time to bust a move.

And this time I won't let anything... or anyone...stand in my way!

WELCOME TO
**HOMECOMING
2049!**

WELL, WELL,
WELL...IF IT ISN'T
JUNIPER CHIVES.
MY NINTH-GRADE
NEMESIS.

YOUR...
WHAT?

LISTEN *HERE*, MEDDLESOME *IMP*.
THIS IS A **SPECIAL NIGHT** FOR ME AND
I DON'T NEED ANY **LITTLE GIRLS**
GETTING IN MY WAY.

SIGH...PRETTY
SURE WE'RE ALL
STEERING CLEAR
OF YOU TOO,
DEWEY.

CARE
FOR SOME
**BLADERUNNER
BERRY
PUNCH?**

SOME
WHAT?!

WE, *UH*, SORT OF
PICKED OUR PARTY
THEME **BEFORE**
THE MOVIE CAME
OUT...

AND BY THE
TIME IT **BOMBED**,
I HAD ALREADY
PAINTED THE
**RYAN GOSLING
MURAL**.

Look at her, trying to distract me with
her inane prattling. As if it wasn't all a
calculated ruse to stifle my greatness!
Some people are so petty. It's sad, really.

NICE *TRY*,
CHIVES! BUT I'VE
GOT **BIGGER** FISH
TO FRY. HAVE A
NICE LIFE.

SPILL

KICK

DUDE!

Now then. Let's pump up the jam, shall we?

**WHEN I SAY
"SCHOOL," YOU
SAY "ROCKS!"**

BOTTOMS
UP.

GLUG
GLUG
GLUG

One small step backwards for animal
rights. One giant leap forward...for me.

AH, THIS
PART OF THE
JOB **NEVER**
GETS OLD.

SKWEP--

**HOLY
@#\$\$%!**

**SKWEE
EEEEEE
EEPPP!!**

ZARRRKK!

Yes! Yesss! It's working!

OF COURSE IT'S WORKING...
I'M BRILLIANT!

THANKS A
LOT, DEWEY!
THAT SPEAKER WAS
A RENTAL! THERE
GOES MY SECURITY
DEPOSIT...

MR. BALSABOOD? WHY ARE YOU DRESSED
UP LIKE EDM SUPERSTAR DJ DANK MEME?!

I'M JUST TRYING TO
MAKE THIS NIGHT SPECIAL
FOR THE KIDS, OKAY?
AND A QUICK \$2,000
WHILE I'M AT IT.

YOU'RE EVEN WORSE AT GRIFTING
THAN YOU ARE AT TEACHING SCIENCE!
WHY, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW TRUE
VILLAINY IF IT BIT YOU ON THE -

SPLAT

Bah! It's that blasted Chives again! What did I ever do to her?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
GOT INTO YOU LAST
SUMMER, BUT YOU'VE
BEEN ACTING WEIRD
ALL YEAR!

YOU PRETEND TO BE A NORMAL
KID, BUT NORMAL KIDS DON'T BURN
DOWN THE CHEMISTRY LAB, SCAM
THEIR CLASSMATES OR USE FIELD
TRIPS AS A COVER FOR INDUSTRIAL
SABOTAGE! AND THEY DEFINITELY
DON'T CRASH THE HOMECOMING
DANCE AND DECAPITATE
RYAN GOSLING!

I KNOW WHAT
YOU REALLY
ARE, DEWEY
DERWIN!

Y-YOU
DO?

A
BULLY!

BULLY?! A BULLY!?!
WOULD A MERE BULLY
BE CAPABLE OF OPENING
AN INTERDIMEN-
SIONAL PORTAL
LIKE THAT?

WHAT
THE
FLIP?

UHH, HAVE A
GREAT NIGHT,
KIDS! DJ DANK
MEME OUT!

I'M A
SUPER-VILLAIN,
YOU FOOL! FROM
THE FUTURE!

AND YOU'RE
HANGING OUT AT
A HIGH SCHOOL
DANCE? THAT'S
JUST WEIRD.

Now, I just need to tune the portal
into the right harmonic frequency,
and it's exit stage left!

TURN IT
OFF,
DEWEY!

GENIUS
HAS NO
OFF-SWITCH,
CHIVES!

AHA!
GOT IT!

WHOA...IT
REALLY IS A
PORTAL TO THE
FUTURE!

BUT ISN'T THAT KIND
OF LIKE CUTTING IN LINE?
AND WHAT ABOUT CREATING A
TEMPORAL PARADOX? AS BOTH
A HALL MONITOR AND A MATH-
LETE, I HAVE SOME SERIOUS
ISSUES WITH ALL OF THIS!

THAT'S WHY
I'M THE SUPERVILLAIN
AND YOU'RE NOT...
I SIMPLY DON'T
GIVE A @\$\$%!

TA-TA.

YOU'LL
PAY FOR
THIS!

PATHETIC CHILD!
DR. HEINOUS ALWAYS
SKIPS OUT ON THE BILL!

MUAHAHA-
HAHAHA!

WAIT, SO
LIKE...
WHO'S DR.
ANUS?

And just like that...
I'm home.

Surprised? Grow up. I'm a criminal
mastermind. I always land on my feet.

THUD

OOF.

It's a figure
of speech.

With that whole debasing ordeal behind me, I can
finally get back to business. Hmm...what atrocity
shall I commit first? Raze the rainforests?
Tilt the tectonic plates? Stink-bomb a Starbucks?

I'M BACK, BABY!
OH, HOW I'VE MISSED
YOU, SECRET
SUBVOLCANIC
EVIL LAIR!

ESPECIALLY
YOU, GIANT
SHARK
TANK!

AND YOU,
ATOMIC
DEATH RAY!

AND YOU,
GIANT
RYAN GOSLING
MURAL!

One thing's for sure:
today marks a new era
of evil for Dr. Heinous!

ER...WAS
THAT THERE
BEFORE?

AH, YES.
I DID A LITTLE...
REDECORATING WHILE
YOU WERE OUT.

WHAT?
WHO ARE
YOU?

OH, DON'T TELL
ME YOU'VE ALREADY
FORGOTTEN YOUR
"NINTH-GRADE
NEMESIS"...

JUNIPER
CHIVES?!

PLEASE,
CALL ME...

DR.
HEINOUS.

YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD IT ALL FIGURED
OUT WITH YOUR LITTLE *DISAPPEARING*
ACT AT THE HOMECOMING DANCE,
BUT YOU OVERLOOKED ONE
MINOR DETAIL...

YOU LEFT BEHIND
YOUR TIME MACHINE,
DINGUS.

PRO TIP: NEXT
TIME YOU DECIDE TO MAKE
A *VINDICTIVE MATHLETE'S*
FRESHMAN YEAR A LIVING HELL...
TRY AND KEEP YOUR *REALITY-
ALTERING INVENTIONS*
OUT OF HER REACH.

My name was Dr. Heinous. I was the
greatest supervillain of all time.

YOU USED MY TIME MACHINE
TO BEAT ME TO THE
FUTURE...STEAL MY JOB...
AND MAKE ME YOUR
HENCHMAN?!

Feared by parents. Hated by teachers.
Envied by evil-doing amateurs.
Every one of them hell-bent on
my downfall. But know this...

OH, C'MON. I'M NOT THAT
PETTY. YOU'RE HEAD OF
HAMSTER RESEARCH.

(IT'S CAGE
CLEANING DAY,
BY THE WAY.)

YOU
WON'T GET
AWAY WITH
THIS!

WON'T GET
AWAY WITH IT?
I KINDA ALREADY DID.
THAT'S THE COOL
THING ABOUT TIME
TRAVEL.

I MEAN, YOU
COULD TRY TO "FIX"
THINGS AGAIN, BUT YOU'D
PROBABLY JUST SCREW
THEM UP EVEN WORSE.

TA-TA.

You can knock me down. You can
steal my evil identity...but like
bedbugs, Justin Bieber and the
McRib - I'll just keep coming back,
more terrible than ever! And when
I do, you'll all be sorry! Especially
you, "Dr. Heinous." So swears...

DEWEY DERWIN!

KK/SP 2017

THE END...?

Olive Garbage

ITALIAN KITCHEN

“When you’re here,
you couldn’t get
a reservation at a
decent Italian restaurant.”

WRITER: SCOTT MAIKO

ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

Now THROUGH OUR NEXT HEALTH DEPARTMENT INSPECTION!

Guest FAVORITE

Spaghetti Escrementi del Ratto



PAIRS
WELL
WITH
Alcohol

Enjoy the pungent aroma of grated parmesan — or is that body odor? — as your sweaty waiter awkwardly leans over your table with a cheese grater and garnishes your salad to your custom specifications!

- “Gluten-free” selections do not actually meet the definition of “gluten-free” and may contain gluten but chances are you aren’t actually allergic to gluten anyway, having merely read an article about it somewhere and convinced yourself you suffer from Celiac Disease, like millions of other attention-seeking hypochondriacs.
- Every day we prepare and donate food to help those in need within our community. In most cases the food was prepared for paying customers but sent back or unfinished. But it was still prepared. And our definition of “donate” is “not securing the locking bar on the dumpster behind the restaurant in areas with a significant homeless population.”

Salad & BREADSTICKS

**AT OLIVE GARBAGE,
THE “NEVER-ENDING”
BREADSTICKS ARE ON US!**



And they're steeped in some sort of greasy, dripping oil, so the stains they leave on your shirt are permanent!

Note: “Never-ending” refers to your frustrated attempts to flag down anyone to bring you another basket of breadsticks, not the actual breadsticks. Goes great with our Never-Coming Pasta Bowl!

**OUR FAMOUS BOTTOMLESS* BOWL
OF LETTUCE WITH TWO SLICES OF A
SMALL ROMA TOMATO IS COMPLIMENTARY
WITH ANY ENTRÉE**



*Hungry for more? Just remember, according to the Mayo Clinic, symptoms of food poisoning don't generally kick in until a few hours after eating and can last for days!

APPETIZERS PERFECT FOR INFLATING YOUR BILL

Fried Melanoma

Sun-kissed, irregularly-shaped skin tags topped with a searing spritz of super-cold liquid nitrogen.

Abbondanza! 7.29

Meager Mussels Marinara

Build up your appetite by going to work on this seemingly generous platter of marinara-drenched mussel shells with surprisingly little meat inside. An immense undertaking of awkward, messy work for a remarkably small amount of food. Served with little pieces of toast so you don't feel completely robbed. 11.79



IT'S BACK! (SORT OF!)



**STARTING
AT
\$9.99**

*for standard spaghetti with thin, watery tomato sauce



Our most famous promotion is back — the Never-Coming Pasta Bowl! Choose a signature pasta and we won't bring it to you. Order again and we still won't bring it to you! Goes great with our Never-Ending Breadsticks!

TRADITIONAL DINNER *Favorites*



Eggplant Parallelogram

Lightly fried, pan-crusted, topped with marinara and mozzarella and cut into rectilinear figures with opposite sides deliciously parallel. Served with your choice of protractor or slide rule. 14.99

Spaghetti Capybara

Tenderloins of enormous South American rodent tossed in a creamy sauce with bacon and red peppers. 16.99

Wynton Marsala

Sautéed filet of trumpet in a savory jazz/mushroom fusion. 16.99



Shrimp Skimpi

Big wad of fettuccine tossed with the rest of that Roma tomato we used in your salad, covering up two, eh, maybe three undersized shrimp. 18.49

Waitress Hair with Tilapia

Bland whitefish baked in a lemon butter sauce and tossed with tufts of thin blonde hair from waitress who is going bald due to the stress of not being able to find a decent job after college and being unable to pay her student loans; when she's done here, she's stocking shelves at Walmart until 4 a.m. 18.99



Extra Thick Sausage-Stuffed Manicotti al Porno

Overstuffed pasta arranged obscenely on a plate with two round meatballs and delivered by a waiter with a bad mustache serenading you with the traditional Italiano song, "Bow Chikka Wow Wow." 15.99

Herb-Roasted Sea Bass

Filet roasted to perfection by Herb in the kitchen and topped with garlic butter. Lou-roasted Sea Bass available on Sundays & Mondays (Herb's days off). 19.99



Lasagna di Marie Callender

Scant portion of Marie Callender's lasagna that was mis-delivered by the food distributor that services all the chain restaurants in this business park. Served with your choice of Cracker Barrel turnip greens or Red Lobster Cheddar Bay biscuits. 14.99

Fettucine Congeali

Fettucine pasta tossed in butter-rich alfredo sauce that was ready for pick-up by your server ten minutes ago while she was on her break and has since hardened into a solid room-temperature slab that you're going to need a steak knife to cut and some sort of improvised wedge — maybe the salt shaker — as a fulcrum to pry off the plate. 14.99



Chicken Subpoena

Grilled chicken breast topped with fresh tomatoes, mozzarella and basil pesto served atop a parmesan-crusted order to appear in court. 19.49

CREATE YOUR OWN HEARTBURN - 11.99

PASTA COMBINATIONS THAT SOUND GOOD WHEN YOU ORDER THEM, ANYWAY!

PICK-A YOU PASTA

Gandolfini
Jacuzzi
Mezzanine

SELECT-A YOU SAUCE

(A new can opened every morning!)

Traditional Mascara
Clamato
Ed Marinaro

CHOOSE-A YOU TOPPING

Pupperoni
Sautéed Squirtle
Mama's E. coli



TASTES OF THE *Cucina di Focus Gruppo*



Stuffed Port Authority Mushrooms

A succulent trio of mushrooms harvested from under a bench in a humid corner of New York's Port Authority Bus Terminal, stuffed with pepperoni and mozzarella from a Lunchables left in the Lost & Found and tossed with vending machine ravioli out of a microwaveable container. 15.99

STAR WARS Special



Tusken-Pounded Sirloin

Sand-crusted seared 11-oz. bantha sirloin tenderized to delicious perfection with a gaffi stick and served with roasted new potatoes. \$17.49

PAIRS
WELL
WITH
Two-fisted
drinking



Olive
Garbage

ITALIAN KITCHEN

"We're All Family Here —
So Expect the Same
Kind of Abuse & Neglect
You Get At Home"

- Before placing your order, please inform us if anyone in your party is one of those complaining morons who keep sending things back for no reason so your server can go behind the bar and pound a glass of one of our crappy house wines.
- Our meat sauces include floor-dropped beef and Italian sausage. And a couple of steak medallions some guy at lunch didn't finish. And those 11-ounce sirloins we ordered too many of last week that are really starting to turn.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT CLUTTER DEPT.

MAGA

WHAT'S ON

Sean Hannity's

DESK?

Honorary diploma from Trump University.

SEAN HANNITY
MEGA CUM LAUDE
(THE BEST! BELIEVE ME)
T.U. Donald Trump

Dent from coffee mug thrown by Roger Ailes the night of Obama's first election.

Prototype of the Mexican border wall made from Post-it notes.

Comb dripping with whatever that stuff is he puts in his hair.

Softball (to remind him what kind of questions to ask Republicans appearing on his show).

Confetti and hats left over from the "Bill O'Reilly got fired" party.

Tinfoil hat autographed by Alex Jones.

Voodoo dolls of competitors.

Dent from the stapler thrown by Roger Ailes the night Obama won reelection.

WRITER: MIKE MORSE
ARTIST: WARD SUTTON



THE SEAT GOES ON DEPT.

BRUTALLY HONEST PARK BENCH PLAQUES

Sheila Godsick

Loved dearly by three of her four children.

— Iris, Iggy and Ivan, but not Herb

Mark Woodford

Tragically passed away before I could convince him to include me in his stinking will.

— Mark Woodford Jr.

Trevor Middler

Nice guy. Never bothered anyone. Kept his front lawn well-trimmed. Serial killer responsible for murdering 27 people in Hinsdale Township.

— His surprised neighbor, Ted

Leslie Zeed

A beautiful girl whose addiction to lip injections bought me a house in Tuscany.

— Dr. Grady Pounder

Cinnamon Raisin' Hell (aka Donna McAllister)

Hard to believe that we never figured out that she was a stripper.

— Her parents, George & Marge McAllister

Felicia Moore

Who came here to write poetry, which she sucked at.

— Anonymous

Mr. Biggles

Who peed around here so often you can still smell the stench of his urine.

— City Councilman Norm Choms



DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

by **SERGIO ARAGONES**



WARNING:
DO NOT READ THIS!
MOVE ON TO THE NEXT PAGE.



WHAT
ASTONISHING
DISCOVERY IS
AMAZING SCIENTISTS
AROUND THE WORLD?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Recently, scientists stumbled onto a revelation that they never dreamed they'd encounter in their lifetimes. It's an entirely new perspective so out of this world that they're completely incapable of processing it. To find out what startling new insight has stymied even the most well-rounded theories, just fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



THE "DAWN OF A NEW SCIENTIFIC ERA" IS WHAT SOME
DOGMATIC FOLLOWERS CLAIM. THEIR FLAWED RESULTS
BELIE WORLD-ACCEPTED FACTS. SADLY, THEY HAVE THE
EARS OF CONFUSED INDIVIDUALS WHO FEEL THE TRUTH IS
FLEXIBLE. SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES REFUTE THAT

A

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

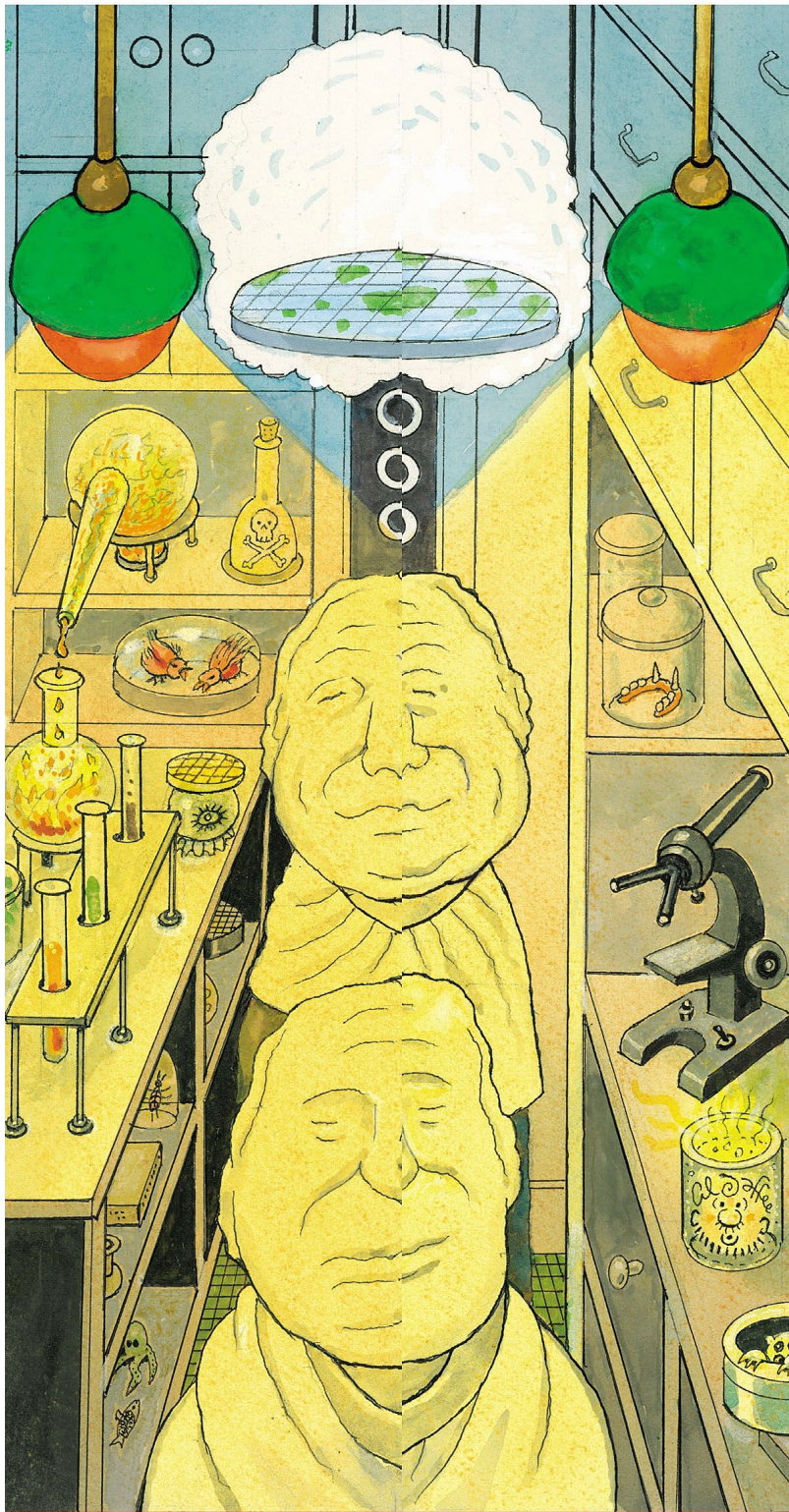
B

**WHAT
ASTONISHING
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FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**THAT SOME
DOLTS
BELIEVE THE
EARTH IS
FLAT**

A B

GET READY FOR AN ALL
NEU-MAN
AND AN ALL **NEW**
MAD



ARTIST: MARK FREDRICKSON

MAD #1
DROPS IN
APRIL!